How **THE QUEEN** will spend Christmas

What Christmas means to me by **PEARL S. BUCK**

Advice to a little girl from

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

-a newly discovered manuscript

Chatelain Noman Chatelaine

DECEMBER · 1956 · 20 CENTS





Lingerie specially designed for this advertisement by Eve Lyn of Montreal.

Ah! The luxurious feeling of Terylene* lingerie

Luxury, yes—but a very practical type of luxury. For 100% 'Terylene' lingerie need never be pampered, in spite of its soft, friendly texture. In fact, nothing could be easier to care for. How does 'Terylene' act when it's laundered? Washing this really modern lingerie is child's play, and it drip-dries unbelievably quickly...never shrinks or stretches.

How about wrinkling? 'Terylene' fabrics obstinately avoid wrinkles—quickly shed the odd ones they *might* pick up, and keep their

unruffled good looks through countless wearings and washings with a minimum of trouble on your part.

Quick-drying, shape retention, wrinkleresistance, pleat retention—'Terylene' has all these properties to a greater degree than any other type of fibre now on the market—so remember to keep your eye open for the distinctive 'Terylene' trade mark shown at the right. It identifies approved 'Terylene' fabrics. Canadian Industries Limited.

LOOK FOR PRACTICAL "TERYLENE" LINGERIE IN EATON'S STORES ACROSS CANADA

Fabrics by Burlington Mills



THE TALENTED TEXTILE FIBRE

*Registered trade-mark polyester fibre

Chatelaine for the Canadian Noman

Plenty of ice cream - and Karsh - gave us our cover



Yousuf Karsh, who took the picture for our Christmas cover. has spent most of his life collecting photographs of people who interest him. Some of these people are the great ones of our time. Others are unknowns, like the janitor in the Milwaukee office building. Karsh caught a glimpse of his face as he walked to an elevator. He went back, introduced himself and told the cleaner he would like to take his

picture one day. The man nodded. He didn't seem the least bit surprised, no more than Kathy Torpey was when the same thing happened to her.

Kathy is the little girl on our cover. She is four and as sharp as one of Karsh's own negatives. Take the day she walked into his studio. She looked around and said in a clear little voice, as though anxious to put Karsh at ease, "My, what a nice place you have here." And to the photographer himself she said gravely, "I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Karsh. I have heard so much about your work."

And she had. Her mother and father have seen to it that their daughter has been exposed to a great deal that is good in every form of art. Old-fashioned, we believe, is the word for Kathy.

Kathy's arrival in the studio that day completed a process which began with the discovery, for us at least, of the quotation by William Murray which appears on the cover. When we saw the reference to hands we immediately thought of Karsh because he has for many years believed, as an artist, that our hands have the silent power to express our personalities as well as deep emotion. The hands, as in the case of the famous picture by Karsh of Helen Keller in this column, are to him an important part of the portrait of the whole person.

Well, we had our theme and we had our photographer who took over at this point with a long search for the right subjects. He finally chose Roberta Berringer for the woman and, of course, Kathy.

When the time came to take the picture Karsh explained to her that this was a very serious moment and that she must not take the matter of praying lightly even though she was in a photographer's studio and not in church.

When the picture had been taken she said to him, "I really did pray, Mr. Karsh." He put his arm around her. "I know you did, my dear."

"I tried to pretend it was Christmas even though it wasn't Christmas yet and I prayed for Mummy and Daddy . . ." She paused. "And I prayed for ice cream."

By a curious coincidence there was plenty of ice cream right there in the studio.

It's well known that busy people who come to Karsh to be photographed often find time to stay around, in one way or another, for years, and become close friends. The way we heard it. Kathy hung around quite a while herself, knocking back ice cream and talking to her new-found pal about how it was in the photography game.

FICTION

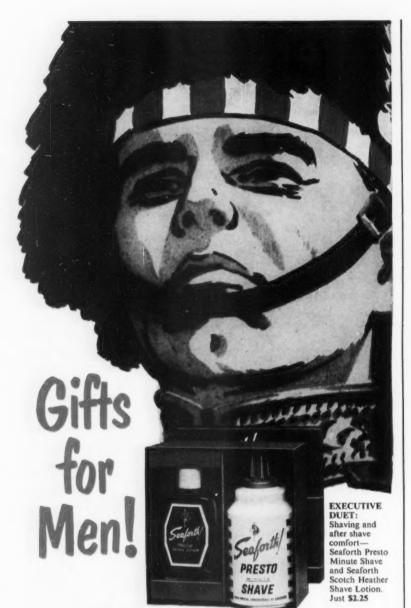
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Inspired by Scotland's finest regiment . . . the Seaforth Highlanders



SCOTCH HEATHER QUARTET: The basic grooming essentials, Seaforth Scotch Heather Shave Lotion, Cologne, Tale and Hairgroom \$2.50



REATHER SET A: Seaforth Shaving Soap and Mug and Seaforth Heather Lotion for shaving comfort at its best . . . \$3.50

This Christmas give him the most masculine gift of all—Seaforth. These year-round grooming essentials are just right for every man on your list. So soothing, so cooling, shave lotions with a scent that lasts and lasts. Give him Seaforth—the most masculine, most refreshing gift of all. At your favorite drug or department store.



the Seaforth Highlanders

LETTERS TO CHATELAINE

Durham— just like your town?



DURHAM sounds much like our town and about the same size (Who Said Small Towns Are Quiet? October). My husband never asks me IF I am going out, but WHERE am I going, and if these cakes are for us, or for some tea. If you haven't a baby, or expecting one, and haven't a job, you are sure in for it . . . but I much prefer all of it to living in a large city and not knowing your next-door neighbor (which I did). My younger sister, from Vancouver, visited me four years ago. She hasn't been back-still recuperating I think.

Mrs. Fred Burdock, Unity, Sask.

Women across Canada will read Elda Cadogan's article with amusement and understanding. I suggest that, if she feels too young to die, and too old to have another baby, she try a temporary nervous breakdown . . . Once that is accomplished, try answering that telephone with a decided, "No." It is an even shorter word than "Yes." Mrs. R. H. Moxley, Rosetown, Sask.

Wives' Clubs the Thing

I am a new arrival to Canada from Scotland. My husband is a schoolteacher and, therefore, is kept very busy, even out of school hours. When I read your article on the YWCA's weekly wives' clubs (October) I knew it was just the thing for me.

Mrs. J. R. Devine, Winnipeg.

Marriage by Mail

The most interesting part to me (What to Do When You're Lonely, October) is what it says about Lonely Hearts Clubs. My husband and I became acquainted through one. Johnny wrote the first letter. In fact he wasn't even on my list, possibly because he's twenty years older than I.

I was living in a Montreal boardinghouse run by Frenchspeaking nuns during the year we corresponded. John was living in Richibucto, N.B., with his children. He came to Montreal for Christmas week in 1950. We became engaged Christmas Eve over a plate of turkey soup in a Chinese restaurant. I had no relatives at all and so decided to be married in John's parish, and four of his seven children were able to attend.

Now I have four sons of my own. I would consider ours a happy marriage on the whole. John has a wonderful sense of humor. I could tell that from his letters. He is very fond of children, a good cook, a teetotaler (so am I) . . . I think I found a very good matrimonial catch via mail.

Mrs. J. B. B., N. B.

Men Do Read Her

It may be of interest to Mrs. E. Mary Cooper (Letters, October) that Dr. Hilliard's articles are the first thing my husband and I look for in each copy of Chatelaine. He has read the whole series—and I didn't have to bully him into it either!

Mrs. Catherine Huxtable, Toronto.

Hilliard and Housewives

I have just read Dr. Marion Hilliard's fine article (Stop Being Just a Housewife, September) and wholeheartedly agree.

May I make a suggestion to the women who need some active, interesting and rewarding task to fill out their lives? The Canadian Girl Guide Association is always on the lookout for new leaders. No previous work in the movement is required, and training courses are provided . . . Guiding has led me to make wonderful friends and very often I find their husbands and mine have much in common and a family friendship evolves.

Mrs. Marie Martin, East Simcoe District Commissioner, Shanty Bay, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Karsh (cover, 1), Miller Services (1, 16, 17, 18, 62), Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate (18, 72), Paul Rockett (20, 76), Ray Webber (22, 26), Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd. (23), Peter Croydon (24, 25, 64, 65), N. C. Hitchison (40, 42).

YOUR HOUSE BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD



MINIATURE TREES YOU CAN MAKE

... to sparkle hugely in a little space

This tree starts with a wire frame you can buy at a Christmas-supply counter. Or shape a cone 18 inches high from fine chicken wire, using several thicknesses. Wire the cone to a broom-handle trunk and stand in a 5-inch-high flower pot. Fill with plaster of Paris (1 part water to 2 of plaster) and hold tree upright until plaster dries, about 20 minutes. Press artificial greenery through wire to cover tree. Loop tree with crisscrossed gold ribbon



and pin on long-lasting fresh, or artificial, pompon chrysanthemums.

For this ball tree you need an 18-inch length of broom handle, a

3-inch-high flower pot and some of the fine chicken wire used to hold flower arrangements. Place the broom handle in the pot (plug the hole at bottom first) and fill with plaster of Paris. Hold handle until plaster dries. Paint pot and handle in an accent color of your room. Crush chicken wire in a ball and press firmly onto handle. Cover with artificial greenery. Wire on (see how page 50) marzipan fruit, tiny candy canes, and tie a puffy bow on handle.





Arrange three foil-cardboard trees (see how to make them on page 50) to form a standing triangle. Tape edges together on the inside at top and bottom. Glue glitter and sequins on tree, and drape on strings of tiny Christmas balls or ropes of beads or pearls from your jewel box.

Let your treasured accessories add to your Christmas décor. Here a pair of the tiny trees sold at decoration counters stand in ornate candle holders. Trees and holders are same height. For trees buy ordinary bottle brushes and clip to tree shape. Spray with "snow." For decoration glue on sequins, jewels or tiny Christmas balls.





Dried bushy twigs create this glamorous tree. First take a cardboard roll from a wax-paper roll. With a skewer pierce the roll at random and push twigs in holes. Pierce and add twigs until you have a full tree. Clip to fir shape and spray with "snow." Place bottom of roll in a tumbler (old-fashioned size is ideal) and fill with plaster of Paris to one inch of top. Hold till plaster hardens. Place in bowl, fill with balls. Trim with tiny lights.



AT 83 THOMAS A. EDISON made pioneering studies on synthetic rubber.



AT 83 ALFRED TENNYSON published on



AT 78 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN went to France in his country's service.



AT 79 PADEREWSKI was still a master of the piano, giving concerts before large audiences.

Will your later years be ones of achievement and contentment?

IF YOU THINK about the many contributions which older people have made to the world . . . you realize how rewarding life's later years can be.

Today, more people than ever are proving that the years beyond 65 are not years to be *idly spent*... they are years to be *actively enjoyed!*

What will your later years be like? That is a good question to think about, because ever-increasing numbers of us are living to reach "the elderly bracket." Already there are nearly a million and a quarter Canadians aged 65 and older.

If you want your later years to be healthy, happy, active ones . . . and who does not? . . . here are some important things which you should begin to do now:

1. Adopt the right outlook on aging. Do not worry about old age. Worry will not delay it; more likely this will hasten it. Face up squarely to the problems of aging . . . and plan your life so you can meet future challenges.

2. Broaden your horizons as you grow older. "Mental adventure," whether it be in absorbing hobbies or in activities devoted to helping others, will stand you in good stead during your leisure years. "To learn what is new is to remain young."

3. Take stock of your health. Complete medical check-ups annually after you are 35 or 40, can help assure you a healthier life in your later years. It is during this middle period of life that your doctor can do most to help you avoid or lessen the effects of many diseases, including heart and blood vessel disorders. These usually begin after middle age.

Not the least of the benefits which you will get from regular visits to your doctor is medical advice about what you should and should not do as you get along in years.

You may have slipped into some bad health habits unknowingly . . . like overeating or not eating enough of the protective foods . . . or not getting enough exercise and sleep. These may seem like small matters to you . . . but good living habits pay off, and you sannot start them

Look at the older people around you who have mastered the art of growing old gracefully. Find out what they have done to achieve health and happiness in the sunset years. You may learn a lot that will help you.

Indeed, you may live to echo the sentiments of an 80-year-old man who said; "I'm not 80. I'm just 4 times 20!"

Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, Your Future and You.





GIVE YOUR GIFT WRAPPING THE ONE-TWO DRESS-UP

- Use "SCOTCH" Brand Cellulose Tape to seal your gift wrap paper in place.
- Then use "SCOTCH" Brand Gift-Wrap Tapes and "SASHEEN" Brand Ribbons to decorate and beautify your gifts.



How to make



a hit with gifts for men

By VIVIAN WILCOX

Gifts he can wear

Take shirts, for a start. Find out his collar size, sleeve length and the style of collar and cuff he prefers. (Next time he's sitting across the table from you, get a firm mental picture of the shirt he's wearing, or sneak a look into his bureau drawer.) If he needs a business shirt, plain white cotton with a standard fused collar is the safest bet. If you're tired of white, try fine pen-and-ink stripes or checks instead. For a traveling man, a nylon or Terylene shirt which he can wash and dry overnight is a good idea—but it should be porous. On collars, the eyelet rounder is the newest, but is not for the man with a short neck and round face. He should wear a narrow collar with longish points. If he is the lean and craggy type with a long neck, buy him a high tab collar. Check on cuffs too. If he wears single cuffs, he'll find it hard to thank you for double ones—and vice versa.

Sports shirts: This year look for cotton in Ivy League stripes—shaded or sharp. For Christmas, some have gold or silver threads running through; others have a golden sheen. On a higher price tag, there are silk-and-cotton shirts which wear and wash like cotton but have the lustre and luxury of silk. Wool tartan is another favorite. A blend of Viscose-acetate-Dynel feels soft and presents no wash or wear problems.

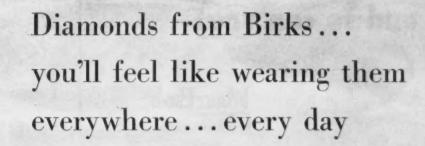


Socks: Nylon stretch socks rule out the size problem, stay up minus suspenders and wear for ages. But if your man is a woollen-sock addict, buy him wool mixed with twenty-percent nylon. This will give him comfort and long life. Unless you are very sure of his taste, stick to plain run-of-the-mill colors—dark green, maroon, black, navy blue or brown in a plain rib or with a small, even contrasting pattern; subdued Argyles.

Ties: You stand a good chance of success if you pick a solid color—maroon is the safest; club or regimental stripes; small, quiet checks to tone with at least one of his suits; or a neat, allover pattern, crested or geometric. If you can afford it, most men love silk; if not, silk-and-cotton runs a close second. Before you buy any tie, check these points: Does it measure not more than two-and-a-half to three inches at the widest part? When tied (ask the clerk to do this for you) is the knot the same depth at each side, and does the tie "dimple" neatly below it? Take one end in each hand and pull—does it stretch without twisting? Answer yes to all three and you've got a good tie.

Under \$5: Suspenders, in green Paisley silk or bright yellow felt . . . white handkerchiefs, monogrammed . . . a good leather belt . . pair of boxer shorts in a hectic print . . . homespun scarf, for a rugged man . . . for a dandy, a silk ascot and a gilt pin . . . watch strap . . . pair of cuff links in plain, heavy gilt . . . red flannel nightgown and tasseled nightcap (made by you?) . . . For a handsome man at home: a black or red cummerbund . . . terry-toweling scuffies with his name embroidered across the vamp . . . striped Ivy League tie and belt to match . . . If he loves barbecues: a butcher's apron in blue-and-white-striped denim.

Continued on page 6



These Birks masterpieces are indeed the most precious of all gifts.

Once yours, you'll find it difficult to resist wearing them everywhere . . . every day.

typical diamond and sapphire creations from Birks Studio... each a peerless Christmas Gift.

Sketched are

"I Lost Weight with the Ayds Plan and so can you!"



Clinic proves Ayds Plan best and safest in tests on 240 overweight women and men!



No Restricted Diet—No "Hunger Pangs"! Taken before meals as directed, delicioustasting AYDS—containing added vitamins and minerals—curbs your craving for fattening foods. Yet you eat all you want. "Hunger pangs" don't bother you! So without starving yourself, you automatically eat less and lose weightsafely, quickly.

Guaranteed to Work for You!

AYDS users—with their very first box—happily report losing up to ten pounds or more. In fact, with the easy AYDS Reducing Plan, you must lose weight with your first box or your money back.

your first box or your money back.
At all leading drug and dept. stores.

Mary Cummings exchanged the stage for "the three-ring circus" of a happy, well-populated family: Patricia, Robert, Jr., Bob, Melinda and Baby Laurel. She agrees that "Staying down to your ideal weight is sometimes hard—until you discover the AYDS Plan!"

Mary Cummings watches her figure as carefully as any movie star. As a wife and mother of four children, this isn't always easy. But that's where AYDS has helped, says Mary, since she learned that AYDS users lose almost twice as many pounds. This was proved in a well-known New England clinic where medical experts tested four different reducing methods—cellulose wafers, lozenges, pills, and modern AYDS. 240 women and men were tested under clinical conditions. Those who took delicious-tasting AYDS and followed the Ayds Plan averaged the greatest weight loss—almost twice as many pounds as the next best product! Not only that—the people who took ayDS had no nervousness, sleeplessness, or unpleasant "side effects"! A reprint of figure-or twe physician at his request. He should write: CAMPANA, 36 Caledonia Road,



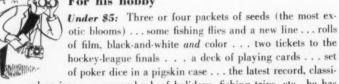
Like other busy though fond young parents, Bob and his pretty wife appreciate that rare evening alone together, without the family. Mary says, "The AYDS Plan can help your figure—whether you want to lose five pounds or twenty! I know!"



GIFTS FOR MEN Continued from page 4

Under \$15: Tartan wool television jacket . . . bright-red vest with gold blazer buttons . . . long-sleeved sweater, hand-knitted by you . . . travel slippers in a leather case . . . white toweling bathrobe, with VIP embroidered on the back.

For his hobby



cal or jazz . . . scrapbook of holidays, fishing trips, etc., he has enjoyed . . . box of ammunition to fit his rifle . . . for a jazz fiend: two or three introductory lessons to trumpet, trombone, sax . . . three chamois-leather head covers, to coddle his golf clubs . . . one hundred golf tees . . . pocket chess set, for a traveling man . . . Scrabble . . . for father, not son: a model-airplane kit . . . and Ivy League cap, to go golfing or driving in . . . a baseball bat.

Under \$15: One dozen high-velocity golf balls . . . for a sociable young brother: a course of ballroom dancing lessons . . . folding binoculars, the size of a cigarette case . . . driving gloves, leather palms, knitted string backs . . . folding leather map case, complete with note pad and pencil . . . flash camera, for snapping Christmas parties . . . set of shiny silver spanners . . . metal trees to take his ski boots . . . thick wool car rug.

For the bachelor



Under \$5: Ceramic jar for pencils . . . set of ash trays, clarge enough to be useful . . . foam-rubber coasters . . . an address book to start the New Year with (and your address as the first entry) . . . name-on match books, or plain ones with bright metallic paper covers . . . something homecooked by you—fruit cake, nut

bread, cookies . . . giant felt cover for his telephone book . . . wooden cheese board and knife . . . a swizzle stick, or two or three . . . any kitchen gadget with a red handle . . . a good stiff clothes brush . . . all-in-one bottle opener and recapper.

Under \$15: For bachelors with bulging waistlines, a set of bathroom scales . . . ice bucket and pick . . . tall German beer stein, with a hinged lid . . . two huge bath towels . . . large wooden salad bowl and servers . . . wrought-iron rack to hold his record collection . . . two or three copper-bottomed saucepans . . . a year's supply of writing paper . . . silver cigarette case.

Some fun, some serious, some sheer luxury Brandy snifter, full of candy . . . handsome pen-and-pencil set . . . gold or silver pencil . . . leather memo pad, very fat, with pencil and refills . . . giant coffee cup and saucer . . . year's subscription to a good magazine . . . overnight brief case—one side for papers, the other for pajamas . . . pewter beaker to hold cigarettes . . . deep

leather armchair, marked Father Only . . . pocket dictionary . . . old-fashioned apothecary jar-inside, a shaving stick and brush . . . his favorite refreshment, two bottles, gift-wrapped for Christmas . . . toy submarine that dives and floats . . . electric razor . . . portable typewriter, green, blue or grey . . . hot-water bottle $\,$ in a plushy velvet cover, preferably red . . . light portable radio which works on a battery . . . wallet, billfold or money clip-off to a good start with a one-dollar bill . . . zipped cuff-link case in calf or pigskin . . . key ring . . . a book you know he'd like . . . shoehorn with a long handle, in brass or leather . . . for a well-groomed male: pine bath salts, talc and after-shave lotion . . . box of glacé fruit or sugared almonds . . . radio-clock, for a tardy riser . . . recent portrait of you or the children, in a good-looking frame . . . hairbrush, with nail scissors, file and comb concealed in its zippered leather back . . . desk lamp . . shoe-shine kit in a pocket-size case . . . for a muscle man: steel spring exerciser . . . cigarette holder and a box of filters . . . book or letter rack, to prop up his newspaper at breakfast. And if you really want him to like you . . . a new sports car. •

Here is Newness for the Sake of Greatness-

Newest Buick Yet



Buick Super-2-door Riviera

To the automobile industry's great tradition of introducing annual new car models, we have contributed our share with better and newer Buicks over the years.

But the 1957 Buicks go beyond that—to a newness vastly more than tradition alone demands.

For these are cars totally new in the literal sense—and wholly different in control and obedience from anything you have ever known before.

They are new in ways you can see.

In new bodies that reach barely shoulder high to the average man.

In new windshields of panoramic and ingenious contours.

In new silhouette lines of sports-car rake and raciness.

In new bumpers, new sweepspears, new hoods, new roof lines, new deck lids, new taillights, new safety-padded instrument panels, new controls, new safety steering wheels, new finish, new color-mating of interiors with exteriors.

They are new in ways you can feel.

In the action of an advanced new Variable Pitch Dynaflow*—instant Dynaflow—so responsive, so full-torque, so smoothly flexible in "drive" that the need for "Low" has been practically eliminated.

In the answer of brilliant new V8 engines—snugged lower in the hip-high hoods of these sleek cars, yet sized to a 364-cubic-inch displacement for an all-time high in horsepower and compression.

In the spectacular surety of a new ride, a new handling, a new braking, a new steering—from a brand-new chassis of massive solidity and lower centre of gravity that "nests" the whole car to a phenomenal trackfirm stability, levelness and roadability.

They are also new in ways you can measure. if you will—even to the added interior roomi-

ness so genuinely surprising in cars that stand but four feet, ten. And each of these spanking-bright '57 Buicks—ROADMASTER, SUPER, CENTURY, SPECIAL, and a new Caballero—is new in other things to delight you, thrill you, sparkle your eyes. Just go see them—now on display at your Buick dealer's—and discover all that's new in the newest Buick ever built.

*New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on ROADMASTER, SUPER and CENTURY—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE





Elizabeth Arden Perfumes-Created, bottled, sealed in France

MÉMOIRE CHÉRIE-

Miss Arden's newest perfume. A warm exciting fragrance with a haunting overtone. 9.50 to 50.00

Illustrated above:

ON DIT PERFUME DELUXE.

The very poetry of fragrance. 8.50 to 65,00

MY LOVE PERFUME DELUXE.

Romantic perfume of great elegance, 8,50 to 69,50

BLUE GRASS PERFUME DELUXE. Unforgettable fragrance of our time, 6,50 to 45.00

- 1. June Geranium Hand Lotion and Bath Soap 2.25
- 2. Blue Grass Bath Cubes and Hand Soaps 2.50
- 2.30
 3. Music Box—Blue Grass Puff—Puff Dusting Powder 2 oz. 1.75
 4. Sparkling Tree Ball—Bath Soap—Blue Grass, June Geranium 1.25
 5. Blue Grass Luxury Bath Salts 8 oz. 3.50

- 6. White Brocade Fashion Case—Compact, Automatic Lipstick, Perfumair 15.00
- Black Fashion Case—Red Satin Lining
 —Lipstick, Compact, Perfumair 12.50

 Blue Grass Pebble Bath Salts, Puff-Puff
 and Hand Soap 3.25
- Blue Grass Flower Mist & Deluxe Atomizer 3.00
 Corsage—Blue Grass Perfumair 3.50
- 11. My Love Eau De France 13.00
- 12. Imported French Perfume—Deluxe Package—Blue Grass 6.50 to 45.00 13. Perfume Purse Atomizer—Mémoire Chérie 4.00
- 14. Blue Grass Perfume Mist-Angel 3.50
- 15. Imported French Perfume—Mémoire Chérie 9.50 to 50.00
- 16. Imported French Perfume—Deluxe Package—On Dit 8.50 to 65.00 17. Wicker Cornucopia—Mémoire Chérie Perfumair 4.00

18. Imported French Perfume—Deluxe Package—My Love 8.50 to 69.50

LONDON NEW YORK

at smartest shops

- Perfumair—Blue Grass, My Love, White Orchid, It's You, Night & Day 3.00 Mémoire Chérie 3.50
- 20. Blue Grass Flower Mist 4 oz. 2.00, 8 oz. 3.50





PARIS TORONTO

in every town

- Bath Plum June Geranium Bath Mit and Bath Soap 2.25
 Blue Grass Puff-Puff Dusting Powder, Petal Wafers, Hand Soap, Beautifully packaged 2.75
- 23 Blue Grass Solid Cologne 1.50
- Invisible Veil Pressed Powder Metal Compact 5.50
 White Brocade Fashion Case—Automatic Lipstick and Perfumair 6.00
- 26. Blue Grass Flower Mist and Dusting Powder 4.25
- 27. Blue Grass Bath Cubes-Six-in-One 1.25
- 28. My Love Heart Soaps—3.50
 29. Blue Grass Luxury Bath Salts, Puff-Puff, Bath Soap 5.50

- 30. Ardena Dusting Powder, June Geranium Bath Soap 2.50
 31. Hand Lotion and Dispenser—Blue Grass, June Geranium 8 oz. 2.25
 32. Blue Grass Puff-Puff Dusting Powder, Bath Soap 2.00

- 33. Blue Grass Spire Purse Atomizer 3.50
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Dressing Gown of

"WASH AS WOOL . . . IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE"

Father's in a humorous mood this morning, must be a celebration, with the family relaxing in 'Viyella' dressing gowns created by leading makers. Everyone loves wearing a 'Viyella' dressing gown, so light, so warm, so comfortable. 'Viyella' is washable and colourfast. Remember also that nothing makes a more perfect gift for any occasion. Select from 'Viyella' plain shades, checks, prints, or authentic tartans.



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CHATELAINE'S INVITATION TO BEAUTY

About Men, Women and Perfume



By VIVIAN WILCOX

How to pick perfume . . . Lilly Daché, who is one of America's most elegantly glamorous women, believes that "the only way to choose perfume is to try it out on a man. If he thinks you smell wonderful, the perfume is a success." So, since Dressing to Please Men is the aim of most women, it's a sensible idea to take a man along when you're off on a perfume mission. And who knows, with Christmas in the air, he may buy it for you.



One perfume, or two, or more It depends on you—whether you aim to take one particular perfume and make it your own, so that it becomes as much a part of you as the shine on your hair, the sparkle of your smile, or whether you prefer to keep several, switching your fragrance as you do your dress or your mood (lighthearted today, femme fatale tomorrow). Either way, a knowledge of the fragrance families will help you to make the

right choice. There are, for a start, the florals—single or blended. They're meant for the young, the lighthearted, can be worn night or day. Then there are the woody-mossy-leafy perfumes, the spicy and the fruity ones, and the modern blends. These last have a high singing note, a sparkle that is new. Lastly come the Oriental perfumes. Forceful, mysterious and essentially sophisticated, they belong to the evening and the great indoors.

Whichever type you choose, test several scents first on your skin. The chemistry of each individual skin varies slightly, and a perfume which smells divine on your friend may not be quite as perfect on you. Begin with the lightest, and never sample more than three in succession. After that you'll be unable to tell one from another. Try the perfume on the inside of your wrist. Let it dry, then sniff with concentration several times. When you find one you love, buy it and use it.

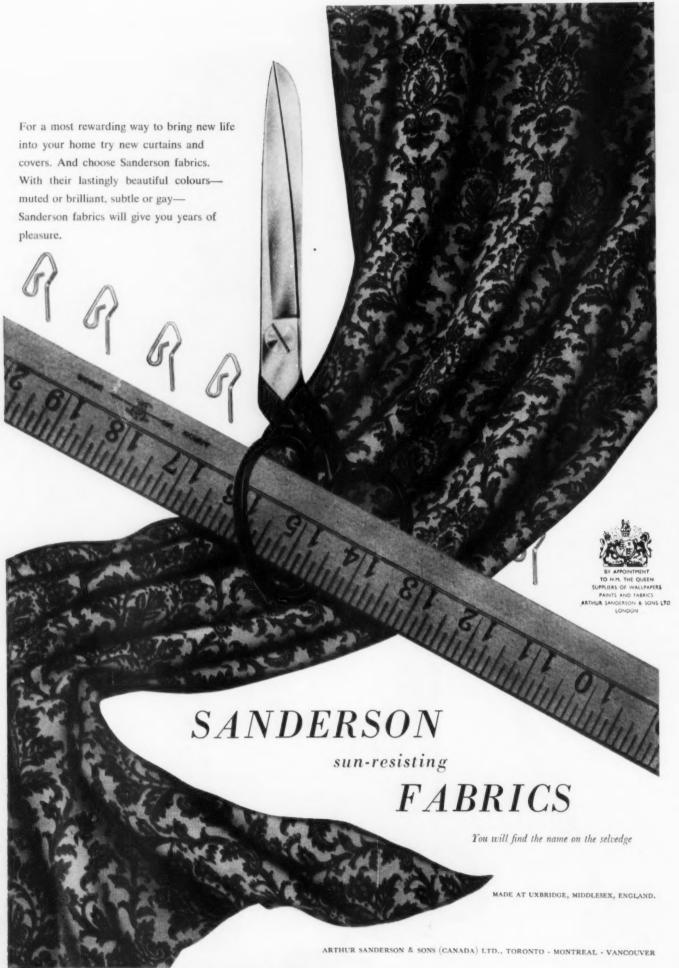
Make the most of it . . . Find out whether your perfume comes in matching bath oil, dusting powder, toilet water or cologne. If it does, make these part of your daily bathing ritual. Then, when you want to intensify the fragrance, touch the per-



fume itself to your pulse points—throat, temples, wrists, the crook of your elbows. And, as no perfume can last more than four hours on your skin, carry a tiny purse phial wherever you go. Use it every three or four hours, renewing your fragrance as you renew lipstick and powder.

Since perfume is readily affected by light, air and warmth, it's a wise idea to keep it in a cool dark place—might be inside its own box or your dresser drawer. If you have a mammoth bottle, transfer a small amount to another bottle for everyday use and seal the larger supply with nail varnish or sticky tape. Which doesn't mean you should hoard it for special occasions only. Fragrance is an all-time, everyday thing. Use it, enjoy it—it makes you enjoyable too.





Enquiries should be addressed to: THE HEAD OFFICE, 31 TERAULAY STREET, TORONTO.

What Christmas means to me

by PEARL S. BUCK



t is a cold clear morning. Here in the mountains of Vermont, where I sit writing, we expect snow early, and last night it came, soft and silent, through the night. Beyond the big

window by which my table stands, Mount Stratton lifts its white head high against a sky of burning blue, and near me, only the glass between the warmth of the room and the shining cold outside, the fir trees are layered with snow, each a perfect Christmas tree.

Well, I am ready for Christmas — materially ready, that is. Each gift is wrapped and labeled. My Christmas pudding, which stubbornly I still make myself, is steamed and enriching itself with time, awaiting the final hour at Christmas dinner. Holly wreaths hang at the windows and red candles gleam on the chimney piece. Everything in the house is ready for Christmas — except, perhaps, the Christmas spirit.

I have always loved Christmas, a love born in the long-ago days of my childhood in far-off places in China. There, because we had to make Christmas entire within our own household, because there were no shops bright with ribbon and decoration, no silver tinsels and gold stars unless we created them, the Christmas spirit swelled early, strong and deep Continued on page 57



The writing career of Pearl Buck, which began in China in 1930 with her first novel East Wind, West Wind to be followed in ten months by that modern classic The Good Earth, shows signs of a later flowering on, of all places, Broadway. Miss Buck has written the book for a projected musical and has completed an original play which is also being considered for production this season.

Miss Buck was married to Richard J. Walsh, a publisher, in 1935 and they have adopted five children. In 1938 she became the first American womas to receive the Nobel Prize for literature.

Since she learned her own daughter's development was retarded, Miss Buck has been active in work for these children



There could be no doubt at all, Ivory had truly grown a little pair of horns.



By P. B. Hughes
Illustrated by Jack Bush

Christmas is the season for strange and wonderful things, like the events of this story. It is always told at Christmas—maybe because you would never believe it at another time—but Sir Bernard Ogilvie would vouch for it if he were alive. The letter he wrote would be a guarantee, for Sir Bernard Ogilvie was the most famous surgeon in all Ireland when the small Sheila, my great-grandmother was a child.

The Christmas of 1845 in County Fermanagh there was little food and no money, so that Sheila's father was hard put to know what he could do for the children. The neighbors were no better off for, as you know, it was the famine. Hungry and cold and dark was that winter, and death stalked among the old and weary, and the young went about pinched and shivering. Now Sheila's father remembered that there was a bit of a debt owing him by John Gordon at Dromore. So, as Christmas approached, he made a journey into County Tyrone with the one horse that was left him pulling the wagon, and he found John Gordon at his house, but without money to pay the debt he owed.

"Yet my children are grown, and so your need is worse than mine, Michael O'Connor," said John Gordon. "Come, now, with me. Perhaps I may have something will make the small hearts sing."

So he led my great-great-grandfather to the stable, and there, in the straw, were three goats playing. Not a month old yet, with their dam by them, the little ones jumped about with glee, the sweetest, whitest Holland does that ever were seen.

"Take these, Michael O'Connor, to your three children, that they may know Christmas is not dead off the face of the earth, with all the hard times."

The father protested, for the debt was a small thing and the gift a great. But John Gordon made a point of it, promising to come over St. Stephen's Day for a glass and a pipe. And in the end the young goats were carried back the twelve miles home, and on Christmas morning they were brought to the children. And so it came about that there never was a Christmas afterward, and none before, since the day the Holy Babe Himself was born, when there was half the joy there was in that house that day. The little goats skipped and played, and the children laughed and forgot their empty bellies, and the mother had a blessing for John Gordon for all this happiness. Continued on page 59



They made the strangest triangle imaginable that Christmas—the child Sheila, the goat and the greatest surgeon in all Ireland

My Dear Dorothea

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A newly discovered manuscript—George Bernard Shaw's of advice to a little girl about manners and morals "grim confusion" of growing up



My Dear Dorothea, written when he was twenty-one, was the first serious literary effort of the great Irish writer whose centenary was celebrated this year.

George Bernard Shaw had given up his Dublin job as cashier with the Land Agency and had come to London to try his luck as an author. In this letter to a little girl, who did not exist. Shaw was making his first attempt at establishing that intimacy with the reader which later enabled him to com-

municate the findings of his lively searching mind with such great success.

A friend and neighbor, Stephen Winsten, says: "Most of the conclusions arrived at stayed with him for the remainder of a long and active life, and if we were not aware of the fact that it was written in 1878, we might have been deceived into thinking that he was quoting his own plays and prefaces. In fact this piece is the very quintessence of all his work and may well be regarded as the germinating ground of his genius . . . It will read to many as a most timely piece . . . Many a reader may well think that of all the hundreds of characters created by George Bernard Shaw, this one is the most revealing."

Shaw gave the original manuscript to Winsten's wife, Clare, to illustrate but it was put aside and somehow forgotten until early in 1952 when the Winstens approached the Shaw estate to arrange publication for the first time.

The book, from which this large extract was taken, is being published in this country by J. M. Dent and Sons (Canada), by Phoenix House in the United Kingdom, and by Vanguard Press Inc. in the United States.

My dear Dorothea.

As you have just completed your fifth year, a few words of wholesome counsel as to your conduct and feelings may not be unreasonable.

I trust that it may profit you, and prepare you for the grim confusion into which you will descend, after you have successfully passed through the whooping cough, the scarlatina, the measles, and any other parlous experience which the infinite benevolence of the Omnipotent may impose upon you.

If your mother is always kind to you, love her more than you love anything except your doll; but never forget that she was once a little girl like yourself; that she is, as it were, yourself grown up; and that she is kind because she remembers how she liked people to be kind to her. If she is cross for a moment, recollect that you are sometimes cross yourself, and forgive her. As you know that she never wishes to cause you pain, you may without fear do whatever she tells you. If she tells you not to do something that you wish very much to do, you had better not do it; for she has seen so much more of people and things than you have, that you may be sure she knows some reason which you cannot understand, for which you should deny yourself what you wish.

Never on any account conceal anything from her or tell her what is not true. If you will think how much perplexed you would be if you could not be sure that whatever she said was the truth, you will understand what she would feel if she could not be certain that every word of yours was true. And see how foolish it would be to tell her a lie. Whenever you are uncertain what to do, ask her, but not until you have tried to think for yourself.

Always strive to find out what to do by thinking, without asking anybody. If you continually do this, you will soon act like a grown woman. For want of doing this, a very great number of grown-up people act like children.

If you cannot find out the right course for yourself, ask somebody. But be careful not to give yourself the habit of taking advice. You know so little at present that you must do many things because you are told to. But if you know anything about the matter, either decide for *Continued on page 28*



Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight . . .
For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great, no cottage too small

-PHILLIPS BROOKS



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE

HOW THE QUEEN WILL SPEND THIS CHRISTMAS

Just like any other close-knit family, they all come home
to Sandringham for Christmas. What do royal princes and princesses eat for Christmas
dinner and how do they amuse themselves? Read this intimate story
of Christmas at the Queen's favorite home

By GRAHAM FISHER

THIS month in the tiny, tucked-away village of Sandringham, 105 miles north of London, great preparations are in progress.

Jim Brown, the Queen's forester, already has his eye on the special sixteen-foot pine he will cut a week before Christmas. Grocer Ed Parker is set to fill the man-sized provision order he expects any day now. Ed Skillings, stationmaster at nearby Wolferton, is planning how he'll put up this year's evergreens and colored lights to decorate the station. And up at the "Big House" Jessie Robertson, the buxom Scots house-keeper, is checking her sheets and towels.

For soon now, counting how time flies around Christmas, the Queen and her family, children, cousins, uncles, everyone, will be coming to Sandringham House for their traditional Christmas get-together. It's a tradition that started more than ninety years ago when Edward VII built the house for his bride.

Two or three days before Christmas the Queen, Prince Charles and Princess Anne will leave London in the royal railroad coach. "Grannie," the Queen Mother, and "Aunt Margo," Princess Margaret, travel with them and so do the lively, well-groomed Sealyhams and corgis that are the family pets. But one member of the family will be missing. Prince Philip is still on his round-the-world tour which will keep him from home until the end of January. And on Christmas Day he will join his family only by long-distance telephone from the bright sunshine of the Antipodes and by tape recordings he is making on his trip as a special surprise for the children.

In twos and threes the rest of the family follow. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with their sons, fifteenyear-old Prince William and twelve-year-old Prince



Edward, Duke of Kent



Princess Alexandra



Prince Michael and the Duchess of Kent

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER FAMILY





Prince William













The Queen Mother will be joined by her brother, the Honorable David Bowes-Lyon.



Charles and Anne





Princess Margaret

Richard, drive over from their home at Barnwell Castle fifty miles away. The Duchess of Kent, who lives south of London, usually reserves a compartment on one of the passenger trains for herself and Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael. For Alexandra the party is doubly exciting. Christmas Day is also her birthday. The Duke of Kent travels on his own from his regiment even if, as last year, he can make it only for Christmas Day to complete the family circle.

The Princess Royal, who keeps her own family gathering at her north-of-England home, always visits Sandringham for a week immediately afterward. So do the Queen Mother's brother, Honorable David Bowes-Lyon, and Prince Philip's uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Mountbatten, to make for a gay succession of informal house parties.

And informality is the keynote at Sandringham. It's not a homey place, this 365-room brick-and-stone mansion. True, the drafty kitchens have been modernized. There's an elevator now and central heating in parts of the house. The sixty-foot ballroom has been fitted to serve as a small movie theatre also. But, as in Edward's day, the long corridors and high-ceilinged rooms still hold their profusion of potted palms, crystal chandeliers and the hodgepodge of furniture handed down from one reign to another. Roaring log fires reinforce the gallant efforts of the central-heating system, and maids still cart huge copper cans of hot water to several of the bedrooms without running water.

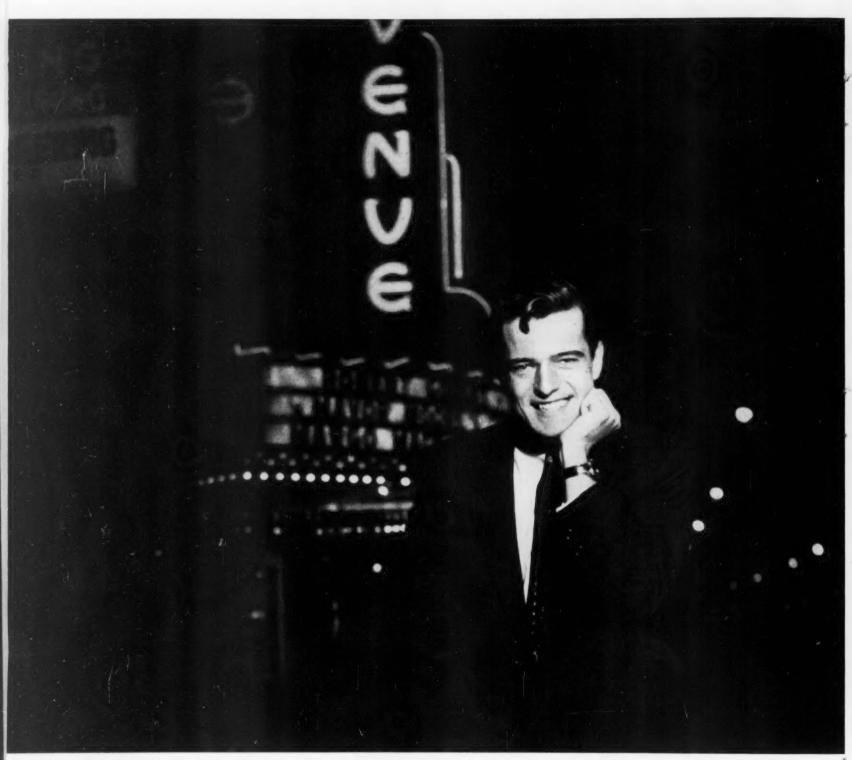
But Sandringham, nestling amid heathland and tall pines on the Norfolk coast, is still the royal family's favorite home. It is perhaps the only place where for a short time the Queen, and those near her, can forget the rigid, never-ending royal timetable. It is the Queen's private property, not a state residence, and because of this the royal standard does not flap above the main entrance at Christmas. She is there, she insists, as a private individual.

This month, because royal traditions change little, there's a warm predictability about what will happen when the Queen's train pulls into Wolferton, a hamlet of thirty houses, a post office and railroad station, three miles from Sandringham House. The rector of Sandringham, the Rev. P. T. Ashton, will surely be on the platform to greet her. Church bells will peal welcome across the frosty countryside. Because Wolferton church has no bells of its own, they will be London church bells recorded and amplified from the church

The whole village will turn out, craning for their first Christmas glimpse of "the royals." Last year Prince Charles, as eager to see them, let his window blind up with a snap and greeted them all with a broad grin as the train ground in.

You can be sure Jim Barrett, with his "old Bill" mustache, will be in the crowd. Until he retired two vears ago. Jim regularly rolled out the red carpet on the station platform for the royal arrivals, and he still remembers the day he saw Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary, Queen Maud of Norway and the Czarina of Russia all together on the platform.

And someone is sure to Continued on page 62



GOULET POSES BEFORE TORONTO'S AVENUE THEATRE WHERE HE STARRED IN A RECORD RUN OF THE OPTIMIST.

CANADA'S FIRST



Bob Goulet's sex appeal combined with his joyous way with a song and dance is bringing him raves and hand-knitted socks from teen-agers and their mothers alike

By JEANNINE LOCKE

• Canada's contribution to popular entertainment has never been conspicuously large or varied. Recently, it's been limited mainly to male singers, most comfortable in fours and with frenetic choreography, and to young women with a numbing talent for staying affoat in vast bodies of water. But now this country can be counted among those who have home-grown the most exotic specimen of popular entertainer—the matinee idol.

The young man cast in this classic mold is a former Edmontonian, Robert Goulet, who is only now becoming known to national audiences as the singing co-star of CBC's Sunday-night television program, Showtime. At twenty-three he has an impressive list of assets, only one of which is a baritone voice that is as comfortable in an aria as in rhythm and blues. He dances as if he were enjoying rather than embarrassing himself. Unlike most Canadian men, he can look as comfortable in Malabar Costumers' silk breeches as in his own, aged grey flannels. Just under six feet tall, athletically lean, with black hair, extraordinarily wide-set pale-blue eyes, a lavish smile and an uncluttered jawline, Goulet has the kind of masculine beauty that doesn't get lost behind footlights. He also has that joy in being on stage which an audience senses and is charmed by.

Despite his youth, Goulet's masculine appeal gets through not only to the pony-tail crowd but also to the chignon set. His performance this fall in The Optimist, a musical version of Candide, explained the happy moans of teen-agers up front in Toronto's Avenue Theatre. It also was responsible for much of the chatter among huddled matrons at intermission.

In the experience of impresario Mayor Moore, producer-director of The Optimist, who has been in show business thirty-one years, Goulet is "the first matinee idol to be produced in Canada." The normal procedure

is for a Canadian entertainer to acquire a following at home only after he's been idolized elsewhere.

Comedienne Barbara Hamilton, after playing with Goulet in three long-running Toronto shows, is still impressed by the unabashed enthusiasm of his female fans. "What happens to Bob just doesn't happen in this country," she says incredulously. "I've been with him in restaurants after the show when girls come over to the table and drool over him. They phone him and want to meet him. I thought they bred his kind only in the States."

Goulet himself, acknowledging that his charm is in demand, says mildly, "The girls are really quite sedate. They don't tear your clothes off which is very nice." He tells how a young Winnipeg girl, after seeing him on television last winter, wrote the CBC for his picture and shortly thereafter became president of the first Robert Goulet Fan Club in the country. Last fall, when he stopped off in Winnipeg for twenty minutes, en route from Vancouver to Toronto, a portion of his fan club was lined up for inspection at Stevenson Field. The girls had brought along a chaperone, he recalls approvingly.

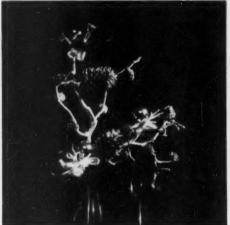
A Toronto fan, just as discreet as the young Winnipeggers, mailed, rather than delivered in person, the socks which she had knit for Goulet. She got a note by return mail, telling her how much the recipient appreciated both the socks and her approval of a recent performance.

Whether on or off stage, Goulet gives full value for the admiration he gets. Eating a ham sandwich in a Toronto Bloor Street restaurant or telling the story of his life for Chatelaine in the dank CBC cafeteria on Jarvis Street, he manages to project his presence beyond his own table. Cashiers, script girls and actresses alike are "dear" or "honey" and equal beneficiaries to the Goulet smile of approval. A fan's Continued on page 46

MATINEE IDOL

Gold-stenciled tablecloth and tree

Driftwood and pine-cone centrepiece





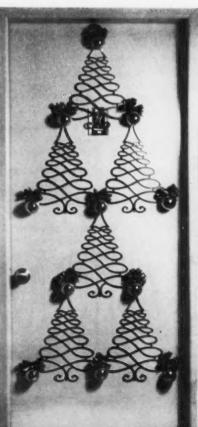
We deck up our houses as fresh as the day

CHRISTMAS INDOORS



Hanging baubles for the TV corner

Stylized foil trees. These scroll-type trees are sold at decoration counters. For other designs you can copy turn to page 50.





Della Robbia garland of fruit and greenery

Designs and complete instructions for all these decorations are on page 50

CHATELAINE - DECEMBER 1956



AND OUT

CLEVER NEW WAYS TO LIGHT UP OUTDOORS

- For as little as fifteen dollars you can be dramatic this Christmas. Start by keeping colors and decorations limited for a bold, striking effect. For equipment you'll need: strings of outdoor type Christmast ee lights; weatherproof extension cord to prevent short circuits keep the outlets and floods high out of snew or water): 14-irch bardboard for cutting out figures and seedery; enamel for painting them; projector floodights with cipped colored lenses. This year you can have an outdoor outlet installed for less than for colored, and you can use it year round for lighting a driveway or patio. Another good lighting accessory is an adjustable socket which seews in the porch socket at d allows you to pivot a colored light bulb in any direction.
- 1 High-light a tree with close-spaced, multi-colored lights and foil reflectors. Cut disc shaped reflectors from foil (or use small tart tins). Attach fire wire and hang them from fish-line swivels so that they can revolve freely. Direct a floodlight on the tree from the shrubbery.
- 2 Just two floodlights and a colored reflector lamp make this dramatic entrance. Serew a red reflector lamp in your porch outlet. Clip blue lenses to projector flood lamps at each side of the entrance, using an outdoor outlet. Place the floodlights six to ten feet from the house.
- 3 Cut the NOEL from a piece of hardboard the width of the door, and back with red parchment. Trace a simple outline of carolers on hardboard. Cut out and paint with weatherproof enamel. Use one floodlight behind the sign. Buy electric candles and arrange with greenery.
- 4 Flanking the entrance: tree shapes cut from hardboard; tack strips of crinkled foil on trees and add lights. Above: a hardboard Wise Men scene is set 9 inches in front of deep-blue backdrop, silhouetted with lights below and behind Wise Men. Use an amber-orange bulb in the porch socket and three floods in foreground.
- 5 Indoor lights create most of this striking outdoor lighting effect. The only outdoor decorations are Christmas-tree lamps strung on laurel or pine boughs around the first-floor windows and door. Indoor candle lights and wreaths shine out in the night from upstairs.
- 6 This handsome entrance is actually quite simple to do. Blue tree lights, equipped with special hooks, are hung in a star shape over the door. The Wise iten silhouettes can be cut from white adhesive plastic sheets and pressed onto the door. They will strip off easily later. Direct a white floodlight from the lawn, and use multicolored tree lights on the shrubbery at side.

Photographs from Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd.

Now Christmas comes 'tis fit that we Should feast and sing and merry be
--POOR ROBIN'S ALMANAC

CHRISTMAS FOODS FROM MANY LANDS

Let these favorite recipes of our new Canadians add the excitement of novelty to your own holiday spread this year

By ELAINE COLLETT

Director Chatelaine Institute

This Christmas the Chatelaine Institute offers something new, for many Canadians, for that traditional, heavily laden Yuletide table. This doesn't mean that we're turning our backs on such old favorites as turkey and plum pudding but we have some suggestions that have been brought to this country by people of many lands who now make their homes with us. Perhaps in time you will find room for some new traditional Christmas dishes in the form of the European traditional Christmas delicacies we are going to show you and tell you about on these pages.



Foods of the nations from left:

Dark Fruit Cake (English); hot appetizer tray including Pizzas (Italian), Nalesniki
(Polish pancakes) and Kottbular (Swedish meat balls); Antipasto (Italian);

 ${\bf roast\ goose\ with\ sausage\ and\ prune}$ ${\bf stuffing;\ plate\ of\ Bokkepootjes,}$

Specaloos and Oliebollen (Belgian and

Dutch cookies); Spumoni (Italian ice cream);

Berliner Mandel Kuchen (German Christmas bréad); English pork pie.



HOT APPETIZER TRAY

SHRIMP EN PATE (French Shrimp Tarts)

2 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon chopped onion 3 tablespoons flour

1½ cups milk 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten 2 tablespoons brandy or

cognac

1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon black pepper mp (arts)
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard

1/s teaspoon cayenne 1/s teaspoon paprika 1/s teaspoon grated lemon

rind ¾ cup sliced sautéed mushrooms

I cup cooked, deveined shrimp (cut in half, if large)

Sauté the onion in the butter on low heat until a golden color. Stir in the flour, then milk, and when sauce is thick and smooth add slightly beaten egg yolks combined with the brandy. Continue cooking for three minutes. Stir in the seasonings, mushrooms and shrimp. Keep hot in a double boiler until serving time. Fill small tart shells made of puff pastry or rich flaky pastry and serve. Tart shells may be filled ahead of time and refrigerated, then reheated quickly in the oven just before serving. Garnish with parsley, pimento strips or sieved egg yolk.

PIZZAS (Italian)

2 cups canned tomatoes 1/3 cup chopped onion 1 crushed clove of garlic 1/2 bay leaf 1/2 teaspoon oregano 1 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon dry mustard

1/2 cup Parmesan cheese Chopped Polish sausage, anchovies, Mozzarella cheese Bread dough or sliced and trimmed hamburg

Place first seven ingredients in a saucepan; cook until onion is tender and mixture has thickened slightly (about 30 minutes). Remove bay leaf; add Parmesan cheese. Cook 2 minutes longer. Yields enough for 12 small pizzas.

Roll bread dough out on floured board to 1/4-inch thick. Flour a cookie cutter and cut 21/2-inch circles. Place on a greased cookie sheet 2 inches apart, and make a depression in the centre about 2 inches in diameter. Cover each circle with some of the tomato mixture, spreading it well out to the edge. Allow pizzas to rise for half an hour. Sprinkle with chopped sausage and crisscross fragments of Mozzarella cheese and anchovy fillets. Bake at 425 deg. F. for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot. For speed, substitute split hamburg rolls for dough. Bake for 10

to 12 minutes or until cheese is melted and tomato mixture is bubbly.

NALESNIKI

(Small meat-filled Polish pancakes)

whites

1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour 1 teaspoon baking powder ¼ teaspoon salt

butter
1 tablespoon brandy or
curação
2 stiffly beaten egg

2 tablespoons melted

1½ cups milk 2 well-beaten egg yolks

Combine milk and egg yolks and stir into the dry ingredients. Beat until mixture is smooth. Add butter and brandy. Fold in the egg whites gently but thoroughly. Drop batter on a greased heated griddle to form small pancakes 3 inches in diameter. Turn and cook the second side. Do not brown the pancakes. When all are cooked, spread each with any savory meat filling. Roll

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl.

up like a jelly roll and secure with a toothpick. Before serving, brown the rolls in butter. Note: Rolls may be broiled to brown or baked at 450 deg. F. for a few minutes. Yields 3 dozen.

Continued on page 51

Valith plenteous food your houses store, Provide some wholesome cheer



the Best Gifts we ever gave

Eight years ago the Samuel Hersenhorens started a happy tradition of food giving at Christmas. Now, the wife of this well-known musician shares her ideas and recipes for this year's baskets

By Jeanie Hersenhoren

• We read and hear that the time to start getting ready for Christmas is right after this year's Christmas decorations come down. But, with our food gifts for next Christmas, I must start on Christmas Day this year . . . and I'll explain why.

It began eight years ago—this tradition of the Hersenhorens' food gifts at Christmas. The garden of our summer home which we call Hill Hollow, on Lake Ontario's Bay of Quinte, was bursting with raspberries, crisp cucumbers, green peppers and so on. And all around us nature abundantly supplied a carpet of wild strawberries in June, wild grapes in October and even wild crab apples.

And so, tempted by all this produce I began experimenting with new recipes. That fall, friends sampled the results at our parties and began hinting about the joys of sharing. So that was the first year we parceled up some of our jars and, rather diffidently, offered them with our Christmas greetings. We didn't know it, but we'd started a tradition—our friends seem so happy with these gift baskets we've had to keep on with the idea ever since. And it's been such fun for us, we think you might like to try it too.

The basic equipment, of course, is jars, labels, boxes or baskets, and the stuff to put in the jars! Since that's most basic let's start there with a new raspberry-jam recipe. This past summer we tried this with our own berries. It's unusually rich and smooth, though the "keeping" qualities haven't been proved as yet in comparison with old tried-and-true recipes.

RASPBERRY JAM

To one cup crushed raspberries, add 3½ cup sugar and let stand overnight. (I found that 4 cups crushed fruit made a good batch, with the called-for 3 cups sugar.) In the morning add 1 teaspoon butter for every cup of crushed fruit. Put it all in a large kettle and bring to a boil, stirring. Stir constantly and boil hard for one minute. Then take it from the heat and beat it for five minutes with a rotary beater (or your electric one on very low speed). Bottle and seal.

The recipes for our black- and red-currant jellies are pretty straightforward. Our grape recipe has a tangy "wild" flavor definitely not found in jelly from vineyard grapes.

August is an especially busy month for us. Just picking the vegetables is almost a full-time task, especially when I call for two six-quart baskets of tiny gherkins! And this is what is done with them, ready for putting in sealers close to Christmas time:

CRISP GHERKINS

Scrub a six-quart basket of gherkins in cold water; cut any large ones in half (lengthwise or crosswise). Add 2/3 cup pickling salt and cover with boiling water. Let stand overnight and in the morning drain well. Put the gherkins in a crock and cover with vinegar (I use a combination of white and cider). Then add: 2 tablespoons mustard, 2 tablespoons salt, ½ cup mixed pickling spices.

Then measure out three pounds of sugar and from this add 3 tablespoons to the gherkins. Each day add 3 tablespoons and stir well—until all the sugar is used up. Then either keep them in the crock for use or bottle them in large sealers.

Then we do a mustard relish, full of cauliflower flowerets and little silver onions; a sweet redpepper jelly (good with all cooked meats). We make uncooked chili sauce, bright red and fresh all winter; tiny crisp whole carrots; tomato marmalade; raspberry shrub; pickled cherries. I am always experimenting — sometimes successfully, sometimes not.

The experiments are always in small amounts and are tested just by the family for the first year. For example, this year's new success is:

QUICK AND EASY PICKLES

Soak slim, six-inch cucumbers in iced water for five hours. Then drain and cut lengthwise into four or five strips—do not pare. Pack them in jars with three stalks of celery and three small onions per jar. Drain the jars after packing, just in case there is any vegetable water.

Now heat together: 1 quart cider vinegar; 1 cup sugar; 1/2 cup water, 1/3 cup salt. When it is boiling, pour it over the pickles and seal them. That is all!

The secret about that last recipe is, if you happen to like it, a wee touch of dill will add a mysterious something.

Once we have the contents of the jars ready, there's the problem of the jars themselves. We use several hundred for the gift parcels alone—and we do like to keep a few on the premises! We buy oval-shaped jelly glasses and an occasional supply of sealers; but mainly, friends and relatives come to our rescue with their empties. Often we find a full box or basket on the back porch, with a note to the effect that a friend hopes this will ensure inclusion on our Christmas list again.

One thing I insist on is matching the jars in each gift box. I'll pack four jelly glasses (mint, wild grape, strawberry and black currant); or three twelve-ounce jars (chili sauce, raspberry jam and chopped-green-tomato relish); or two pint sealers (gherkins and pickled watermelon

rind). Crockery marmalade jars are nice for a set of our jams, and six-ounce jars are for single friends who would take a long time to get through a pint jar of anything.

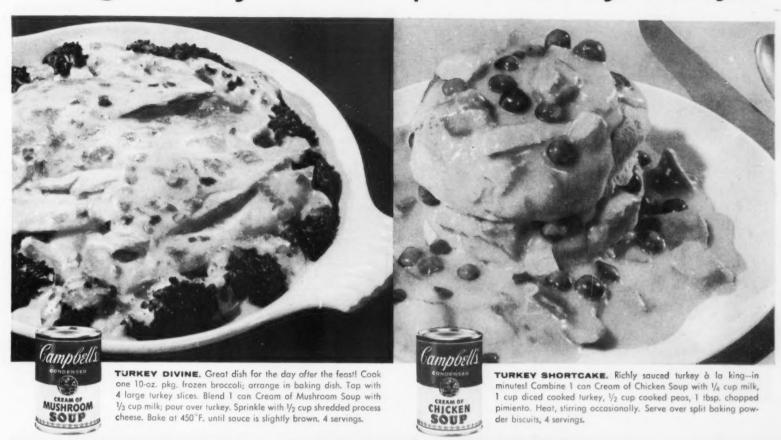
For labels we first used plain white ones with red or blue

borders from the stationer's. But a year ago an artist friend designed our own label for us. We have it in several sizes, in striking black and white, and it shows the three of us—my husband, our little girl and myself—with our gardening tools and definitely in our gardening clothes. It reads, "A product from Hersenhorens' Hill Hollow Gardens,"

Once the jars are filled and labeled comes the hardest part—finding containers for the jars. That is why I said, in the beginning, that Christmas Day is our starting point. I scrutinize each box opened at our house, for possible outgoing use a year later. They must be reasonably strong, to hold the filled jars. I've used almost everything—shoe boxes, baby-food cartons, note-paper boxes. Of course, I pounce on any sort of basket—a quart berry Continued on page 36

More personal gift ideas on page 36

4 great ways to use up the holiday turkey





Good cooks cook with Campbell's Soups

Sweet-tooth treasures! CANDY-PEEL BUNS



CANDY-PEEL BUNS

Measure into bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water

Stir in

2 teaspoons granulated sugar

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Meantime, sift together into a bowl

- 1½ cups once-sifted allpurpose flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar

Mix In

1/2 teaspoon ground cardamon seeds

Cut in finely

1/2 cup chilled shortening

1/2 cup chopped candied peel

3 well-beaten eggs 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

and dissolved yeast.

Stir into flour mixture and beat until smooth

and elastic. Cover with a damp cloth.

Let rise in warm place, free from draft,
until doubled in bulk, about ½ hour.

this toothsome treat tomorrow.

Dry Yeast for wonderful results

every time. Surprise your family with

Work in an additional

1½ cups (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour

Turn out dough onto a large square of cheesecloth; gather edges of cheesecloth together loosely and tie. Drop dough into a large pan of cool, but not chilled water and let stand until doubled in bulk, about 45 minutes. Remove dough from cheese-cloth and place on very-well-floured board or canvas. Form into a 16-inch roll; cut roll into 16 equal pieces; form into smooth balls. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 25 minutes. Bake in a hot oven, 425°, 12 to 15 minutes.

Frost while warm with the following icing and sprinkle with chopped nutmeats.

Combine 1 cup sifted icing sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla; add sufficient milk to make a stiff icing.

Yield: 16 buns.



Needs no refrigeration

Always active, fast rising

Keeps fresh for weeks

MY DEAR DOROTHEA ...

Continued from page 17

yourself or be sure that the person who advised you is right, before you follow the advice.

For instance, you know more about your doll than anyone else. If you are told to dress her in red, instead of going at once to do it, you must first consider whether she likes red; whether it suits her complexion; whether it is the fashion or not; and so on. Then if you think it is the proper thing for her, dress her in it at once. But if not, let her alone; and remember for the future that the person who advised you to dress her in red knows nothing about dressing dolls.

You must never annoy your mother. Always keep thinking how happy she is in having a pretty little daughter. She will think how pleasant it is for you to have a kind mother, and thus you will be a constant delight to one another.

If you had indeed such a mother, my dear Dorothea, you would not need my advice at all. But I must not forget how seldom little girls have such guardians; and I will therefore take it for granted that your mother, having long since exhausted the novelty of having a child of her own, thinks of you only as a troublesome and inquisitive little creature, whose dresses are continually torn and dirty, and whose face is too sticky to be kissed with pleasure.

For such a parent, you must be particularly careful not to form any warm affection. Be very friendly with her, because you are in the same house as she, and it is unpleasant to live with one whom you dislike. If you have any griefs, do not tell her of them. Keep them to yourself if possible, or if they are too bad for that, go to your nurse, if she is a kind one, or to the house-maid. But it is far better to bear sorrow in silence. Other people have too many cares of their own to think much about yours.

If you observe this rule, you will not need to trouble your mother at all; and you will find that she will seldom trouble you, except by complaining when you make a noise, or telling you not to be naughty. These complaints you must bear patiently; but you may avoid many of them by keeping as much away from her as you can. You will soon be sent to school, and so get rid of her.

But there are some wicked women who beat their children; keep a constant watch over them. With such a mother it is very hard to be happy, but it is not impossible.

First of all you must learn not to hate her and so you will be delighted at occurrences which other girls cry over. When she forbids you to do anything try as hard as you can to do it. But be careful to be very good with people who treat you well, to show that your wickedness is not natural to you.

If she leaves any marks on you, show them to all the people who come to the house. This will make them dislike her, and be sorry for you. When you are in church, pretend to fear that she is going to beat you, and ask her not to do so in a loud voice. If she tries to make you do anything by threatening, refuse to do it; because if she finds she can make you obedient by beating you, she will be constantly doing so.

No matter what pain it costs you, try

and be brave. If you succeed people will be afraid to offend you. And no matter how angry you may feel, strive always to be gentle and kind to those who treat you well; and everybody will wish to have you for a friend. Always remember that you must not act injuriously yourself. If anybody hurts you, and you think that they are not really fond of hurting you, but only a little passionate, you may forgive them after a while if you like.

You will soon be going to school, where you will have no relatives, but where you will find friends whom you will like far more. I trust you will find the advice I am now about to give you, useful everywhere. And in order to get over the most tiresome topics at once, I will begin by advising you on the subject of Religion.

When people ask you whether you read your Bible, say that you do; and though you will be telling them stories, they will deserve it for asking questions that do not concern them. You need not think about religion until you are grown up; because you would not understand it. You need not be in the least afraid of going to hell, and if you avoid thinking about it, and be careful not to read 'good' books, you will spare yourself much discomfort and keep yourself in good health.

There is, however, one good book which you ought to read, because it is a

PRE-CHRISTMAS FEVER

By Lois Kerr

Weary —
Pushing and buying,
Wrapping and tying,
Cocktails and lunches,
People in bunches,

I found rest — Little boy in the glow of a taper Cutting a silver star from paper.

· 4 4 4

very pleasant story: The Pilgrim's Progress. You must read this before you are ten years old. Be sure and do not let your opportunity slip. If you are told that any book is not fit for you to read, get it and read it when nobody is looking. There are some books that are not fit for grownup people; but all books are fit for you. Therefore read everything except what you find tiresome. Fairy tales are the prettiest of all but you will find that the men who make the pictures seldom make the princesses pretty enough or the goblins ugly enough. Story books are much better than lesson books. They teach you more, and are much pleasanter to read.

Let your rule of conduct, always be to do whatever is best for yourself. Be as selfish as you can. And here I feel that I must stop to explain something to you. In reading this letter, you have been surprised at finding directions quite opposite to those which you are accustomed to receive. I will perhaps surprise you still more when I tell you that what everybody says is almost sure to be wrong. The reason is, that there are far more fools in the world than wise people; and when all the fools talk, as they often do, the wise people cannot be heard.

And even the wise people give wrong advice because they forget their own

childhood, and think that children have no sense.

I will now return to what I have to say to you concerning Selfishness. When you make up your mind to be very selfish. you must be quite sure that you know how to be so. Some girls think, for instance, that greedy people are selfish. This is not the case. They are only silly people trying to be selfish without knowing how. They make themselves ill, and are disliked by those who live with them; and the bad opinion of those around them makes them so unhappy, that they never enjoy themselves except when they are eating. And it is surely very silly to prevent oneself from having more than two pleasant hours in the long day.

You will often feel tempted to take things that you want very badly, from people who are weaker than you. But you must not do so, because there are others who are stronger than you; and if everyone were to seize what they desired by force, you would be very miserable. This consideration for the consequences of one's acts is called Duty. You have often been told to do your duty, but most likely you do not quite know what it means. Therefore I will try and explain it to you.

You must know that this world in which we live, is a very badly arranged one. Some people are born with a great deal more money and clothes than others; some are even born without any at all. Everybody likes money and clothes, and the consequence is, that the people who have none want to take some from the people who have plenty; and the people who have plenty are angry because they have not as much as the Queen. But if they were to steal whatever they wanted, and hurt those with whom they were angry, the world would be so full of thieves and murderers that nobody could live happily in it.

As everybody wishes to be happy, they make an agreement together that each man and woman will keep whatever they have. They also agree that they will not strike or kill one another, and if any person breaks the agreement and robs, strikes, or murders another, all the rest shut him up in prison to prevent him from doing so any more.

You have a part in this agreement just as everybody else has, and this part is called your Duty. 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you' is a common rule for doing your duty. However, you need, for the present, only take care not to do unto others anything that you would not wish others to do to you. Duty is a very tiresome thing to read about; but it is necessary to say something to you on the subject, in order to show you that you are to be good-natured and gentle, not because you are told to be so (which is a very ridiculous reason indeed) but because it is the best way to avoid the unhappiness of which the world is so full.

Always have the highest respect for yourself, and you will be too proud to act badly.

You are, if you will excuse my saying so, an extremely discontented Dorothea. And yet, how often have you been told that it is sinful to be discontented? 'But,' you may ask me, 'how do you know that I' am discontented?' Very easily indeed, my dear Dorothea. Because no one is contented.

It may surprise you, but there is no such thing as happiness in the world. You

Continued on page 32



Such rich "chocolatey" flavor...nourishing,* too!



*In addition to minerals and vitamins in the fresh milk you use, Royal Instant Pudding is a splendid source of food-energy. Serve plenty of Royal to your family!

So quick and easy to make all kinds of exciting pie-fillings with *pre-cooked* Royal! No stirring over a hot stove, no wait to cool and set, no starchy taste, lumps, or film on top!

Filling — Follow Royal's simple package directions, your filling is ready in a minute! No other pudding — instant or regular — is as light, creamy, rich in flavor!

Crumb Crust — Crush 4 cups cornflakes into fine crumbs. Melt ½ cup butter or margarine. Remove from heat and stir in ½ cup lightly-packed brown sugar, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon salt, crushed cornflakes; mix well. Press into sides and bottom of well-greased 8½ pie pan. Chill thoroughly.

Royal

CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

Baked Beans on French Toast Celery ms Coffeecake

Ham and Noodle Scallop Carrot Sticks Baked Apples Nut cookies Milk Tea

Celery Soup Club Sandwiches Jelly, Cheese and Graham Crackers Milk Tea

Plums Milk

Cold Sliced Baked Ham
Escaloped Potatoes
Pickled Beets
Apricot Dumplings
Coffee Tea

Lamb Stew with Vegetables
Buttermilk Biscuits
Tossed Green Salad
Baked Alaska
Coffee Tea

Minute Steaks Fried Onions
Buttered Cabbage
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Cherry Tarts
Coffee Tea

Tomato Juice Whole-wheat Flakes Cinnamon Toast Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink

Half Grapefruit
Scrambled Eggs
Toast Maple Syrup
Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink

Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge

Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink



To help you now in your busy Christmas rush, some meal suggestions and a new recipe for a quick and easy supper dish

	1							
	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	
SAT 1	Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Macaroni and Cheese Cabbage Salad Muffins Preserved Raspberries Cookies	Beef Steak and Kidney Pie Whipped Potatoes Carrots Fruit Shortcake Coffee Tea	тни 20	Baked Apple with Cream Crisp Bacon Toasted Muffins Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tomato Juice Potato Parcakes Maple Syrup Fresh Fruit Bowl Date Squares	Breaded Sweetbreads Mushroom Sauce Boiled Rice Green Bean- Banana Fritters Orange Sauce	
sun 2	Sliced Oranges Waffles Broiled Ham Maple Syrup Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tomato Soup Jellied Tongue Sandwiches Quick Butterscotch Pudding Cookies Milk Tea	Stuffed Pork Shoulder Glazed Apple Rings Turnips Baked Potatoes Raisin Pie Coffee Tea	FRI 21	Blended Fruit Juice Shredded Wheat Toasted Cheese Bread Jelly Coftee Chocolate Milk Drink	Oyster Stew Crackers Jellied Beet Salad with Deviled Eggs Creamy Rice with Raisins	Broiled Fish Sticks Tartar Sauce Buttered Carrois Baked Stuffed Potatoes Lemon Cream Layer Cake	
MON 3	Vitaminized Apple Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Broiled Frankfurters Potato Salad Celery Sliced Oranges Sugar Cookies Milk Tea	Chili Con Carne Buttered Noodles Tossed Green Salad Chocolate Layer Cake Coffee Tea	SAT 22	Stewed Prunes Whole-grain Cereal French Toast Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Mushrooms on Toast Crisp Bacon Green Salad Fruit Sundaes Shortbread Milk Tea	Barbecued Spareribs Brussels Sprouts French-fried Potatoes Carrot Pudding Hard Sauec Coffee Tea	
TUE 4	Stewed Prunes Poached Eggs Toast Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Welsh Rarebit on Toast Points Tomato Aspic on Lettuce Jam Tarts (leftover pastry) Milk Tea	Tomato Soup Cold Roast Pork Mashed Sweet Potatoes Creamed Onions Apple Betty	sun 23	Grapefruit Sections Waffles Broiled Ham Molasses or Syrup Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cream of Tomato Soup Crackers Hot Dogs Relishes Tangerines Chelsea Buns Milk Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Whole Onions and Carrots Whipped Potatoes Dutch Apple Cake Coffee Tea	
WED 5	Blended Fruit Juice Prepared Cereal with Bananas Toast Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Creamed Salmon with Rice Carrot Sticks Meiba Toast Baked Lemon Pudding Milk Tea	Chicken Stew Corn Fritters Head-lettuce Salad Pineapple Refrigerator Dessert	MON 24	Mixed Vegetable Juices Hot Shredded Wheat Toasted Muffins Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Toad in the Hole Cream-style Corn Carrot Strips Prunes Muffins Milk Tea	Shepherd's Pie (from leftover roast) Baked Squash Tossed Salar Rolls Nut Bread Preserved Peaches	
тни 6	Half Grapefruit Crisp Bacon Curried Eggs Bran Muffins Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cream of Asparagus Soup Corned Beef on Rye Sandwiches Relishes Prune Whip Custard Sauce	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Buttered Caonage Duchess Potatoes Steamed Berry Pudding Nutmeg Sauce	TUE 25	Orange Juice Prepared Cereal Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Make-your-own Sandwiches Assorted Breads Fillings Relishes Christmas Ice-cream molds Cookies	Broiled Grapefruit Roast Goose* Relish* Potatoes Cabbage Squash Lime and Grape Mold Mincemeat Pic Cheese	
FRI 7	Orange Juice Hot Oatmeal Cinnamon Toast Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Fruit Salad with Cottage Cheese Toasted Bran Mulfins Maple Sundae Spice Cake	Baked Smoked Haddock Chopped-egg Sauce Potato Cakes Peas and Carrots Lemon Meringue Pie	WED 26	Stewed Figs in Cream Soft-cooked Eggs Tonsted Raisin Bread Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cheese Fondue Broiled Bologna Celery Jam Turnovers Milk Tea	Cold Roast Goose Hot Potato Salad Cranberry Relish Gingerbread with Hot Applesauce	
SAT 8	Stewed Figs with Lemon Griddle Cakes Table Molasses Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cold Meat Loaf Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce Celery Cherry Jelly Doughnuts Milk Tea	Vegetable Beef Soup Baked Sausages Corn Pudding Apple and Celery Salad Pineapple Upside-down Cake	тни 27	Vitaminized Apple Juice Corn Flakes Toasted English Muffins Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Corn Fritters with Sausage Patties Tomato Sauce Waldorf Salad Cookies	Broiled Liver with Bacon Barbecue Sauce Noodles Glazed Parsnips Reheated Carrot Pudding Coffee Tea	
SUN 9	Tomato Juice Broiled Kidneys Crisp Bacon Toasted Sweet Buns Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Chicken à la King on Toast Salad Preserved Pears Spongecake	Roast Rump of Beef Broccoli Pan-roasted Potatoes Yorkshire Pudding Deep Apple Pie	FRI 28	Tomato Juice Buckwheat Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Eggs à la Goldenrod on Toast Jelly Whip Macaroons Milk Tea	Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce Peas Baked Potatoes Fruit Compote Cupcakes	
MON 10	Orange Sections Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Hot Roast Beef Sandwich Green Salad Orange Sherbet with Chocolate Cookies Milk Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlet Spanish Rice Baked Squash Steamed Fig Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	SAT 29	Sliced Oranges Oatmeal Porridge Bran Muffins Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cream of Celery Soup Cold Salmon Loaf Pickled Beets Relishes Hot Rolls Baked Lemon Pudding	Old-fashioned Boiled Dinner (Corned Beef, Potatoes, Cabbage, Onions) Cranberry Betty Whipped Cream	
TUE 11	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toust Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Leftover Spanish Rice Crisp Bacon Celery Curls Butter Tarts Grapes Milk Tea	Hungarian Goulash Cole Slaw Cornmeal Muffins Raspberry Jelly Roll and Ice Cream	30	Grape Juice with Lemon Scrambled Eggs with Bacon Toast Conserve Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Lima Beans in Tomato Sauce Tossed Salad Blancmange Raspherry Sauce Cookies	Dressed Roast of Veal Spiced Peaches Wax Beans Riced Potatoes Boston Cream Pie Coffee Tea	
WED 12	Pineapple Juice Hot Shredded Wheat French Toast Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drmk	Oxtail Soup Creamed Asparagus on Toast Carrot Strips Fruit Cup Oatmeal Cookies	Baked Pork Chops with Apricots Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Tapioca Pudding Maple Syrup	мон 31	Orange Juice Prepared Cereal Cinnamon Toast Honey Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Oxtail Soup Crackers Toasted Western Sandwich Celery Grapefruit Raisin Squares	Cold Roast Veal Fried Potatoes with Sour Cream Perfection Salad Apple and Peach Pie	
13	Applesauce Cheese Omelet Bran Muffins Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Hamburgers Relishes Tapioca Pudding Fruit Sauce Date Bread	Stuffed Liver with Onions Buttered Noodles Escaloped Tomatoes Hot Mince Pie Coffee Tea					
FRI 14	Grape Juice Whole-wheat Shreds Sliced Bananas Toest Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Clam Chowder Crisp Crackers Green Salad Apple Whip Custard Sauce Milk Tea	(Vegetable Plate) Spinach and Poached Eggs Harvard Beets Baked Potato Peach Oats Crumble Date Bread	Chatelaine Recipe of the Month † CORNED BEEF HASH 3 tablespoons bacon dripping or fat 1/4 cup French dressing 2 tablespoons ketchup 3 cups cooked potato, cut in 1/4 teaspoon salt 1/4 inch cubes 1/4 teaspoon black pepper				
SAT 15	Vitaminized Apple Juice Bacon and Eggs Toasted Raisin Bread Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Hot Tomato Juice Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Relishes Frosted Cupcakes Milk Tea	Braised Short Ribs of Beef Riced Potatoes Spinach Gingerbread Waffles Lee Cream Coffee Tea					
sun 16	Stewed Dried Apricots Corned Beef Hash† Toast Conserve Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tuna Fish Shortcake Molded Vegetable Salad Lemon Snow Chelsea Buns Milk Tea	Baked Ham Raisin Sauce Sweet Potatoes Cauliflower au Gratin Coconut Cream Pie Coffee Tea					
		Dalaid Danes as	C-1161- 1 D-1-11		• 1 can (12 oz.) corned b	eef, cut in 1 teaspoon di	y mustard	

1 can (12 oz.) corned beef, cut in

 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet or sour cream

I teaspoon dry mustard

1/8 teaspoon garlic powder (optional)

Melt the dripping in a large skillet or fry-ing pan on low heat. Add the onion and santé until a golden color. Add the cubed potatoes and stir and cook until lightly browned. Add the corned beef. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over the

mixture. Continue cooking until liquids disappear and mixture has browned. Remove to heated serving plates. Serves 6. If desired, top each portion with a poached egg and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

MON

17

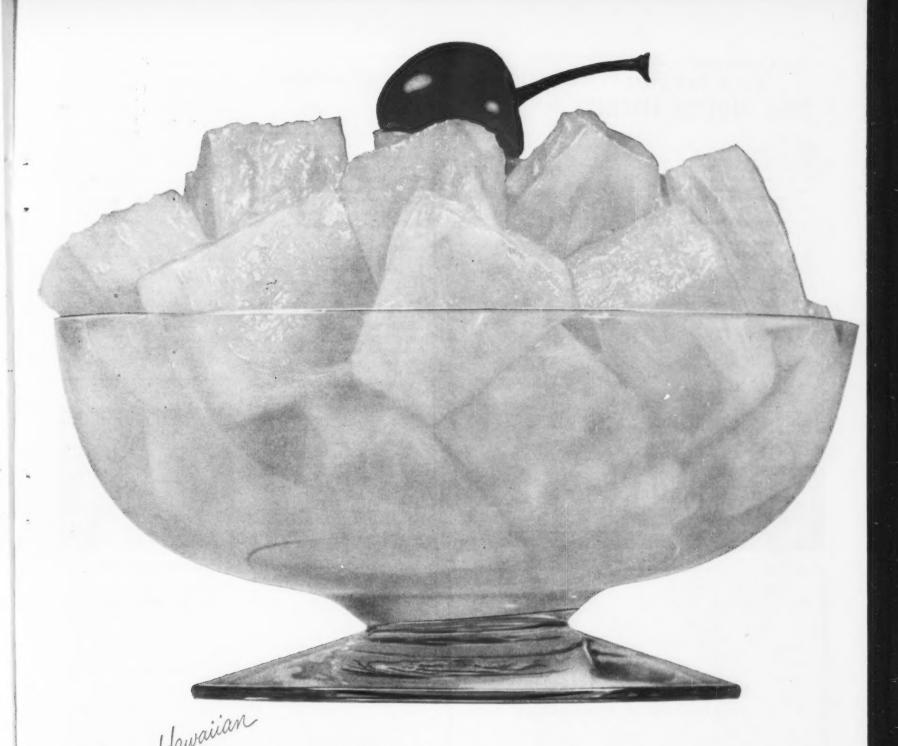
TUE

18

WED

19

^{*}These recipes appear elsewhere in this issue



DOLE, PINEAPPLE -- golden treat, ready-to-eat!



6 tempting styles:

tidbits

crushed

juice

Here's the quick, easy, delicious way to delight your family time after time. Sun-ripened, taste-tantalizing Dole all-Hawaiian Pineapple is perfect served as is, or to add special goodness to other foods-meats, salads, desserts. Brighten your meals with it often!



chunks











Try tasty, colorful DOLE Fruit Cocktail, too! It's made only from whole fruit-the finest peaches, pears, grapes, cherries and Hawaiian pineapple.



WHATEVER THE FASHION...
THE FASHION IN FRAGRANCE

15

CHANEL N° 5

MY DEAR DOROTHEA ...

Continued from page 29

must not place too much faith in grownup people. They are always pretending to be happier than they are. I confess to you that I am discontented.

Some of the holiest men have been terribly unhappy. King Solomon, who first spoke of a merry heart as having a continual feast, wrote a book so full of grief that you would almost cry if you read it. Elijah the prophet, a good man who never died but went straight up to heaven in a horse-and-cart, asked God to kill him because he could not bear to live. Jesus Christ was so melancholy that he never smiled, or took any amusement, except some boating occasionally.

You have been told so often that contentment is a good thing, that you will probably feel sorry and disappointed to hear that it has no existence. But if you think about it for a minute, you will perceive that in reality it would destroy all your pleasure if you possessed it.

If you were quite contented, think how many pleasures you would lose, and how slovenly you would look! You would never wash your face or hands, because you would be content to remain dirty. A new dress would give you no pleasure, because you would be content with the old one. You would not learn to read or write; and you would be so contented with bread that you would take no pleasure in eating a Bath bun.

You would be an uncleanly, ignorant, and unlovable child if you were contented. Therefore be glad that you are discontented, and try to remain so. Never think yourself clever enough or neat enough, and you will always be learning more and improving in your appearance. And when older people preach contentment to you, you may be sure they are either thoughtless or hypocritical.

You must not be surprised when you meet with hypocrites. The world is so full of them that in the course of your life you will scarcely discover one person who does not sometimes say things he does not mean, or pretend to be greatly concerned about affairs that do not at all affect him. What is still more surprising is, that if you do meet such a person, you will not like him. I say 'him', because he would certainly be a man. There are some men who always say what they think, no matter how unpleasant it may be; but there never was a woman yet who did so.

Hypocrisy is just like Selfishness. It is only bad when it is improperly used.

It is a very excellent thing to be properly hypocritical. And it is very easy to find out what hypocrisy is proper. It is that which may please, but cannot injure. I will give you an example. Suppose you had a kind friend who died. You would be very sorry for your loss, and you would feel (knowing how kind the friend was) that everyone else ought to be sorry too. And if your companions laughed at your grief, you would feel hurt. By this you may perceive that when those whom you meet tell you that they have lost their friends, you must, in order to avoid paining them, look as sorrowful as possible.

This will be an act of hypocrisy on your part, but a very proper and kind one. You must also pretend to think that all your acquaintances' dead friends are

¹See Proverbs XV, 15: Ecclesiastes: I Kings XIX. 4. G. B. Shaw.

in heaven, although you may privately feel quite certain that they are in hell. Indeed, you may lay it down as a rule for practising Hypocrisy, that unpleasant things which you may know about people should never be mentioned.

You will meet many ladies and gentlemen who tell lies, steal hairpins and umbrellas, curse and swear, get drunk, beat each other, and pretend that their parents were much grander people than they really were; but in speaking of them and to them, you must seem to think that they are quite honest, gentle, and modest.

They have a right to do as they please; and if they are foolish enough to behave badly, that is no business of yours, as long as they do not injure you. But you may observe how such people are disliked and spoken ill of, in order to convince yourself of how little they know how to be selfish.

Never make remarks about the dresses of your mamma's visitors, nor play with anything that belongs to them. And do not talk much or scream whilst they are in the room. If you are careful about

Chatelaine Needlecraft



TURTLE PINCUSHION

Make a turtle pincushion for a little gift. Turtle pattern is stamped on green and brown felt. Pincushion makes up 4 inches high by 6 inches long. No. C286. Kit has stamped felt for cushion and instructions. Price 50 cents.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark, Chatelaine Needlecraft Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto

these things, they will most likely ask you to their houses, and give you cake. However, do not ask them for cake, or for anything else whatever. If people want to give you anything, they will not need to be asked. When they do give you something, you must be hypocritical again and pretend to like it much more than you really do. It will do you no harm, and perhaps encourage them to give you other things.

Nothing is more important than the habit which you must try to form, of never wishing for anything that you cannot either buy or make for yourself. Everybody in this world is expected to take care of themselves, and live without asking help from their fellow-creatures.

Therefore, never ask anything as a favour, but only those things which you are entitled to have, or which you have deserved by your conduct. If this should sometimes prove hard to abide by, remember that the world is an unhappy place, and that it is only made bearable

by each person agreeing to bear some share of trouble.

Every person must bravely take their share, and you must take yours. When you see others wanting to escape their little portion of the great burden, by begging from others, or refusing to repay their politeness, you may despise them and feel that you have a greater claim to respect than they.

This leads me to the subject of Pride. Pride, which makes us desire to appear to the best advantage on every point, is a feeling which should be kept in check rather than encouraged. As long as you take pride only in those qualities or properties which you possess, you will be the happier for it. But unfortunately you are but too prone to think little of that which you have and to covet what is beyond your reach.

Once you covet a thing, you will hate to be reminded that you have not got it. If you can do so without being found out, you will pretend to have it. This desire for things or affectation of qualities which you can never possess, arises from a sort of pride which cannot fail to make you unhappy. In order to use a word already familiar to you, I will call it Vanity.

People are most commonly vain about beauty and family. Whatever your birth may be, or whatever your face is like, remember that you cannot alter it, so it is useless to spend a moment in grieving over either the one or the other. Although, as I have said, it is apt to lead to certain vices, such as Vanity, Pride is a very useful sentiment. It is the main source of Discontent, and I have already shown you how excellent a thing that is.

Your pride will make you wish to know as much as other people, to look well, and to behave as nicely. And here you must carefully think of how much of this is Pride, and how much is Vanity. Suppose you have a playmate who speaks French, who has pretty eyes, and whose manner with strangers is nice; and that you wish to be equal to her in these matters. You must make up your mind to learn French, because she has learnt it, and as she has learnt it, so can you. That is proper pride.

But never mind her eyes, or her manners. She was born with them, and has them quite by accident. You may have heard of learning manners, and I mention it to you more particularly because there is nothing which girls envy one another more than their manners. But a person's manners is a part of herself. Perhaps you have noticed that though everybody has a face with a nose on it, and the same number of eyes, arms, legs, and fingers; yet no two people are exactly alike. Just in the same way, a hundred little girls at a party will observe the same rules of behaviour. They will all curtsey to the lady of the house, and eat as much cake as their parents will allow them to, but they will not eat with their knives, drink tea out of their saucers, or take bones in their hands to gnaw the flesh from; and still each will have quite a different manner.

Some will be disagreeable, some will be sleepy; a few will sit primly and look very old. There will be some shy girls who do not enjoy themselves, and many merry and talkative ones who do. Remember then, that though your behaviour may be as proper as that of any other girl, your manner can never be the same any more than your nose can. This strange difference to everyone else need



"What's new for dessert?" We hear this age-old question so often, but it's rarely that we can answer — as we can now — "Something really new in flavors, folks!" I'm thinking of the three new, deep and delicious

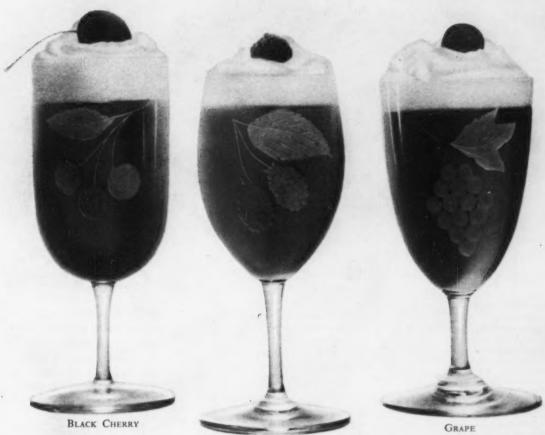
Jell-O flavors . . . Black Cherry, Grape and Black Raspberry. Each one is a star dessert in its own right, deliciously rich in flavor.

Try one of these new Jell-O flavors in this delightfully different recipe — Cheese Sandwich Cake. No matter which flavor you use, it will be a delicious première performance!

JELL-O CHEESE SANDWICH CAKE: Dissolve 1 pkge. Jell-O (Black Raspberry, Black Cherry or Grape) in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold water. Chill until slightly syrupy. Mix 1 cup graham wafer crumbs with ¼ cup melted butter. Reserve about ½ of crumb mixture for garnish, Press remaining mixture into 10 x 6-inch loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 5 minutes. Cool. Blend 3 ounces softened cream cheese and 2 tablespoons light cream. Add ¼ cup icing sugar and mix well. Spread over cooled crumb layer. Then pour Jell-O carefully over cream cheese layer. Chill until almost firm. Sprinkle with remaining crumb mixture. Chill. Serves 6.

NEW! NEW! NEW!

For deep, dark and delicious desserts



BLACK RASPBERRY

3 NEW JELLO FLAVORS







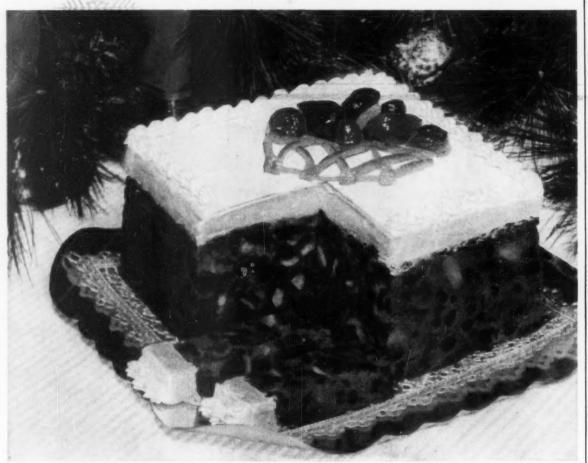
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Rare and different, fruit-fresh flavors that bring to your table three new, delicious tastes:

Juiciest, sweetest, darkest cherries! Sun-ripened black raspberries! Plump, deep-purple Concord grapes!

For a brand new kind of flavor excitement — try all THREE!

Festive as the Holiday Season!



Magic Christmas Cake

2 cups seedless raisins

cup currants

1 1/2 cups separated seeded

1 ½ cups drained red maraschino or candied cherries (or a mixture of red cherries and green candied cherries)

1 cup almonds

1 cup cut-up pitted dates 11/2 cups slivered or chopped

mixed candied peels and citron

- 1/2 cup cut-up candied pineapple or other candied
- 1 tbsp. finely-chopped candied ginger
- 3 cups sifted pastry flour or 2 3/2 cups sifted hard-wheat
- 1 1/2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder 14 tsp. salt
- 11/2 tsps. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. grated nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/4 tsp. ground mace
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves 1 cup butter
- 1 1/4 cups lightly-packed
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/3 cup cold strong coffee

Wash and dry the seedless raisins and corrafts. Wash and dry the seeded raisins, if necessary, and cut into halves. Cut cherries into halves. Blanch the almonds and cut into halves. Prepare the dates, peels and citron, candied pineapple or other fruits, and ginger.

Sift together 3 times, the flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, mace and cloves; add prepared fruits and nuts, a few at a time, mixing until fruits are separated and coated with flour.

Cream the butter; gradually blend in the sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in molasses. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with coffee, combining thoroughly after each addition. Turn batter into a deep 8-inch square cake pan that has been lined with three layers of heavy paper and the top layer greased with butter; spread evenly.

Bake in a slow oven, 300°, 23/4 to 3 hours. Let cake stand in its pan on a cake cooler until cold. Store in a crock, or wrap in waxed paper and store in a tin.

A few days before cake is to be cut, top with almond paste and ornamental icing; just before cutting, cake may be decorated attractively.

A glorious Christmas Cake

you'll be proud to serve . . because you made it yourself! Here's tender fruit cake laden with sumptuous fruits, nuts and candied peel . . . every fine ingredient protected with Magic to give you a superb cake every time! Bake one for the family . . . and several for holiday gifts. It's easy when you make it with Magic!



not make you feel uncomfortable or lonely; for it is your most valuable possession. It is called our Individuality

The name is so long that you will find it easy to remember. Many persons are so ignorant of the value of their individuality, that they spend their lives in weakening it by imitating others. At last they lose it; and as it is impossible for them to get a new one, they have nothing but the colour of their clothes and their outside shape to distinguish them.

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You will meet an immense number of such people in the world. They are described by various names, such as commonplace, ordinary, highly respectable and the like. I am sure you would not like to be called commonplace. Therefore you must preserve your Individuality by never imitating others, or pretending to be what you are not.

Also remember constantly this rule: the more you think for yourself, the more marked will your Individuality be. The more you allow others to think for you. the more you will resemble others. And just think how shocking the world would be if people were as much alike as soldiers in a box are.

I hose who have good natural gifts are fortunate, but they deserve no credit for them. This you will easily remember: but you are likely to forget that those

NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By R. H. Grenville

By the time the last gay little sticker is stuck

And the last little ornament hung on the tree,

And the last-minute packages festively tied, I'm fit to be.

who have no natural gifts, but are born poor or ugly, or both, are not to be blamed or despised.

Ridiculous though it may seem to you. my dear Dorothea, the scullery maid is every whit as good a person as you are, unless you can surpass her by learning more, by being kinder and controlling your temper better, and by doing work that requires more thought than washing dishes. Such superiority alone deserves admiration and respect. No matter how rich, how clever, or how beautiful you may be, all these will only make you wretched unless you teach yourself many other things besides.

The first and most important is called Self-control. Never cry, and never lose your temper. Of all the counsel which I have written down here for you, these two precepts are the chief; because if you neglect them, you cannot follow the rest.

Crying is the worst habit you can possibly form. It spoils your appearance, and only gratifies those who inflict pain on you. Tears are only useful in exciting the compassion of persons who have something which you wish them to give you. And surely you would not care to receive a gift as a bone is flung to a troublesome dog merely to get rid of a troublesome

annovance.

Never give anyone a reason for despising you. Those who see you weeping will either despise you or pity you. And pity is akin to contempt.

When you have learned to control your tears, you will have made a great advance in the art of keeping your temper. But I must explain to you what keeping your temper really is, lest you should mistake its meaning and be discouraged.

People only lose their temper when they are angry. Therefore they think that in order to keep their temper, they must not get angry. But this is absurd; for people cannot help being angry when they are offended. It is when your anger makes you forget what you are doing, that your temper is lost. Then you say or do things which you are sorry for or ashamed of afterwards; you look like a savage or a wild cat; and everybody seeing you in such a state, believes you to be in the wrong.

You gain nothing at all to make up for this; as you may see clearly that you will not only do well to keep your temper, but that by doing so you will have a great advantage in any dispute over others who may not equal you in selfcontrol.

This self-control is very much the same thing as Patience, but you need only be patient in enduring evils that cannot be remedied. If another girl slaps your face, you must not be patient, as she would probably only be encouraged to repeat the assault. But you must make it a rule never to slap anyone who does not attack you. Do not, even when you are struck, lose your temper; because you would say rude things.

You must always be polite, particularly to those you dislike; because politeness is a mark of superiority; and in order to make unpleasant people respect you, you should endeavour to appear as superior to them as possible.

Never contradict or fight with people when you can possibly help it. It is annoying, and spoils the pleasure of the whole day.

If you are beaten by a person bigger and stronger than you are, ask somebody to protect you. When a strong person oppresses a weak one, it is called Tyranny. As long as you live, resist tyranny and never be guilty of it yourself. Never hurt those weaker than yourself, and try to prevent others from doing it. But do not be too fond of mixing in other people's quarrels. And before you resent ill-treatment as tyranny, make sure that you have not brought it upon yourself.

Schools are all more or less alike. Therefore it may not be amiss to give you a few hints as to your behaviour when you enter one. At home, you are accustomed to a certain amount of attention and protection, which prevents your having to take care of yourself to any great extent. On leaving it for school, you will find yourself suddenly in the midst of a barbarous community. They will not care at all about you.

The school discipline, to which you are unused, will be irksome. Knowing nobody, and feeling uncertain whom to trust, you will feel lonely, and wish heartily that you might go home again.

Pretend to be cheerful, and when you come to know your schoolfellows, to pick out whom you like, and to feel as if you belonged to the place, you will laugh at your former grief. But do not forget it so far when you are no longer a new girl as to laugh at other girls whom you see looking sorrowful, or even crying, during their first few days of school life.

Remember that the schoolmistress is the natural enemy of all; and never on any account tell tales to her. No matter how badly any girl treats you, never complain of her unless she is much bigger than you and you cannot find any other remedy. It is better to do without sweets than to ask the housemaid to get them for you, because to do so would be to place yourself in her power.

If any girl threatens to tell the schoolmistress of anything you do, tell her she may do so if she likes. If she does, try and fasten the name of tell-tale on her; and even warn the others against her. If the mistress punishes you, you must submit with an appearance of indifference. The less you seem to care, the more you will annoy her.

But on no account permit her to strike you. Attend to your lessons as much as you can without fatiguing yourself; and get into mischief as often as you can. This will give you the habit of working and enjoying yourself at the same time.

This letter is now so long, that you

will hardly have patience to finish it at a single reading. Keep it and read it occasionally. If the precepts are of use to you when you are five years old, they will be equally so when you are thirty-five.

At some future stages of your career, I may again address you on the great subject of yourself. Till then, be assured that I will continue to feel for you the romantic affection of a parent, tempered by the rational interest of an experimental philosopher.

G. B. SHAW .

Her first attempt at cooking!





GOOD TASTE is mighty important to a "first try" cook! That's why Mom introduced this young lady to Heinz Spaghetti.

With Heinz Spaghetti you just heat and serve... and listen to the praises prompted by its savoury, steaming-hot goodness. And no wonder Heinz tastes delicious! Never was a spaghetti cooked so tenderly, never was a sauce more skillfully blended . . . a combination of sun-ripened tomatoes, nippy cheddar cheese and fragrant spices.

Yes, hours of preparation and years of "know how" are yours in minutes with luscious Heinz Spaghetti. But taste it for yourself today. Like our young cook, you'll think cooking is fun...especially with Heinz!









B14 AUTOMATIC, \$28.95

Gift givers choose the "Toastmaster"* Toaster because it works so perfectly, lasts so long, and stays so beautiful. And it brings pleasure, not to one person alone, but to everyone at the family table. This model has many millions of satisfied users. Fully automatic. Toast pops up extra high, so small slices are easy to remove. Push-button crumb tray opens instantly for cleaning.



NEW IB21 AUTOMATIC, \$27.95

This smart new toaster is up to 40% smaller, yet full-size in performance! Easy to handle and store; ideal for modern, space-saving living. Makes perfect toast every time.



B16 POWERMATIC, \$36.95

World's most distinctly different toaster. Power-Action lowers bread automatically, toasts it, and serves it up—all by itself! Makes perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between.

TOASTMASTER

Automatic Toasters

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THE BEST GIFTS WE EVER GAVE

Continued from page 26

box makes a fine base for a large single jar of pickles.

I used to cover the boxes with colored tissue paper or foil, but this past summer I spent a couple of days spraying them with "bomb" cans of gold, silver, red and green paint. They looked so much handsomer, and saved us time when assembly work began.

The cards that come to us at Christmas are carefully saved, trimmed and used by us the following year — to decorate the sides of the boxes. I sometimes use cutouts or huge seals, or a striped effect with ribbon; but, mostly, it's cards

Tissue paper, either matching or contrasting, goes in the bottom of the box and is crumpled between the jars as a cushion. White paper doilies are snapped over the tops of the jars with elastics, and seals go on the doilies to tie in with the décor of that particular parcel. Pine cones are tucked in the corners of

the box, and cellophane is fastened over the top with cellulose tape. A ribbon bow, the tag with our good wishes for Christmas, perhaps a bell or sprig of greenery or berries—and it's ready.

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The pine cones are also from the shores of the Bay of Quinte, although we don't have to grow them. But we do have a "pine-cone picnic" every fall for our daughter and her friends. I supply the lunch and they supply the bushel of cones I need. We have tiny cones, about three quarters of an inch long, for our six- or eight-ounce jars. For the rest, I find the medium-sized, firm cones from the jack pine or Scotch pine are best. So far I've used them in natural shades, but some day I shall gild them or spray them with paint to see if they add glamour that way.

The most important thing about our Christmas parcels is that we are never satisfied with them. We are endlessly trying to think of prettier ways to decorate them, to grow better produce in the garden, to find more delicious preserves to put in them.

Each parcel carries a great deal of Hersenhoren labor and thought, care and love with it—and I guess that's the idea of a Christmas gift, isn't it?

More ways to make your giving personal this Christmas

By RITA ENG

HAVE you had your fill of personalized Christmas greetings? I mean the kind that arrive by mail from close friends, three blocks up the street, and say, in stark black and silver: "Joyeux Noël—Mr. and Mrs. John Arthur Smith and family." This is a personalized greeting. It says so at the stationery counter, in the catalogue, and finally, on the box of two hundred in which the order arrives.

Last year I decided I had had enough of personalized Christmas greetings. I decided to send only de-personalized ones. Now de-personalized Christmas greetings require time, imagination and effort. They also have a tendency to make one feel lovely and unselfish, even quite virtuous. Wait and see on that score, however. You may turn out to be far from lovely, unselfish and virtuous.

But let me tell you how I went about this de-personalized business. First, I destroyed my Christmas files from previous years. After all, I reasoned, I was not the circulation department of a national magazine. You don't renew a year's subscription of friendships by sending out indiscriminate Joyeux Noëls. Besides. there were many subscriptions I had no real desire to renew. So, without referring to any old files, I composed a list of twenty people, scattered over the country -people I would really like to see and talk to. And I simply wrote letters to all twenty. The shock of not receiving a personalized Christmas greeting from me would not, I hoped, greatly upset the other 160 people in my discarded files.

So much for my out-of-town de-personalized Christmas greetings. But what about my in-town friends? Even with my stringent new criteria, I still counted a dozen or so people whom I sincerely wanted to greet at Christmas. But you don't write letters or send snapshots to friends who live close by. Like as not they're sick to death of your newsy little communiqués regarding your appendectomy, your new dog, the dining-room wallpaper—all perfectly good subjects for your out-of-town greetings.

What then? Telephone calls? No, they're too evanescent. A party? Perhaps, except the dozen wouldn't mix very well at a party. Gifts? No, a dozen gifts would be an unbearable burden on my already overburdened charge account.

And then I remembered Mrs. Peterson, who lived next door to us during my childhood. Every Christmas Eve Mrs. Peterson put on her overshoes and made the rounds of every house in our block. At every house she said "Merry Christmas" and left a loaf of bread, still warm from her oven and wrapped in steamy waxed paper decorated with Christmas seals. Mrs. Peterson's bread was as much a part of our Christmas as the angel on top of the tree or the raspberry-centred hard candies. Here was my answer. I decided to imitate Mrs. Peterson's peregrinations. All went well until I remembered I can't bake bread. My bread always looks like Swiss cheese on the inside.

But the more I thought of it, the more I realized it wasn't Mrs. Peterson's bread

that had become part of our Christmas. It was Mrs. Peterson in her overshoes coming on Christmas Eve to say "Merry Christmas" in person and to leave a depersonalized greeting, something as inexpensive as a Christmas card (so as not to embarrass the recipient with "missing gift" feelings), something homemade and therefore personal (Mrs. Peterson's presence was with us in that bread) and something intrinsically pleasurable.

Here, then, are my nine substitutes for Mrs. Peterson's bread. I call them depersonalized Christmas greetings.

RUM BALLS

1 cup powdered 3 cups vanilla sugar cookie crumbs
1½ tablespoons 1 cup coarsely chopped nut meats
3 tablespoons white corn syrup nuts)

3 jiggers rum (or whisky or brandy)

Mix ingredients well, no cooking required. After your rum-ball dough has been well blended, form into several large balls, about the size of popcorn balls. Wrap in foil paper. Tie with colored ribbon. Affix to each ribbon these instructions: "Store this silver ball in the refrigerator. When ready to use, roll a teaspoon of the enclosed dough in powdered sugar and serve. No cooking required."

WINTER GRAPE CONSERVE

2 cups grape juice 1 cup seeded
1 cup dried apricots, soaked overnight, then put through jood chopper y cup liquid pectin
1 cup seeded
2 cated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange
4 cup liquid pectin
1 cup seeded
2 cup seeded
2 cup liquid pectin
1 cup seeded
2 cup liquid pectin
3 cup seeded
2 cup liquid pectin
3 cup seeded
2 cup liquid pectin
3 cup seeded
3 cup seeded
4 cup liquid pectin
4 cup seeded
4 cup liquid pectin
4 cup seeded
5 cup seeded
6 cup liquid pectin
6 cup seeded
7 cup seeded
7 cup seeded
7 cup seeded
8 cup seeded
8 cup seeded
9 cup liquid pectin

Mix all ingredients in kettle except liquid pectin. Rapidly bring to boil and boil hard for one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add pectin. Allow to stand, stirring occasionally until the mixture has cooled enough to hold fruit and nuts in place. Pour quickly into jelly glasses and seal with paraffin.

Wrap your glasses of conserve in cellophane and tie with a pretty bow.

SALAD DRESSINGS

meats

Here are three good salad-dressing recipes. Shake ingredients together well, bottle them in plain or fancy bottles and give them singly or in trios to your friends.

French Dressing (for green salads)

½ cup salad oil ¼ teaspoon pre¼ cup wine vinegar pared mustard
1 teaspoon salt 1 clove garlic, cut
¼ teaspoon cayenne in half

Celery Seed Dressing (for fruit salads)

1/2 cup sugar 1/3 cup vinegar
1 teaspoon dry 1 cup salad oil
mustard 1 tablespoon celery
1 teaspoon salt seed
1/4 of an onion,
grated

Sour Cream Dressing (for cole slaw)

l cup sour cream 1/2 cup brown
1/4 cup vinegar sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt

All of the foregoing recipes represent single batches and should be doubled or trebled, according to the number of your



"CREAM OF WHEAT" FOR TODDLERS . . .

Fruited "Cream of Wheat"

Mix ½ cup cooked-in-milk "Cream of Wheat" with 1 can strained baby fruit and 1½ tsp. sugar. Cool and serve.

Jack Horner Special

Fold ½ cup chopped, sweetened cooked prunes into one child's serving of "Cream of Wheat." Serve warm or cold.

. . . FOR COMPANY . . .

Fluffy Pudding

Heat 3 cups milk just to boiling. Gradually stir in ½ cup Quick "Cream of Wheat," ½ tsp. salt, ½ cup sugar. Stir a little of this hot "Cream of Wheat" into 2 beaten eggs, then return egg mixture to pan and cook 1 minute more, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in 1 tsp. vanilla. Pour into oiled 1 qt. mold or individual molds. Chill. Unmold and serve with sweetened whipped cream or any fruit sauce.

. . . FOR SPECIAL DIETS

Bland, easy-to-digest . . . especially welcome for anyone who needs to be "kind to their stomach."

Merry Molds

Combine and heat together 3 cups milk, 1 tsp. salt and ½ cup brown sugar. Slowly stir in ½ cup "Cream of Wheat." Cook until thick. Fill greased custard cups with hot cereal. Chill. Unmold and serve with stewed fruit.





Twin diaphragm sections create a bra that adjusts to your own size, your own separation-moment by moment, movement by movement, breath by breath. Try it! Breathe it! Discover that here at last is custom fit-without custom price!

Firm rounded uplift. White cotton or satin. A, B and C Cups, all sizes to 42.

Ask at your favourite foundation counter for this. Kese Marx Braz

de-personalized greetings and the size you wish to make them.

SLIPS FROM YOUR PLANTS

If you have a lush array of potted plants-ivy, philodendron, etc., cut slips from your plants. Pot in tiny flower pots. either plain or hand-decorated by you.

If you had a herb garden last summer, how about sharing some of your dried herbs with your friends. Package them in envelopes or in tiny glass containers, bought at the drugstore.

CERAMIC TILES

You can buy plain white ceramic tiles at any craft store for about twenty cents. Jars of ceramic paint can be purchased there too. Keep in mind the color schemes of your friends' homes. Then let your imagination create a suitable tile for each friend. After you have painted a tile, let it dry for twenty-four hours. Then place it in a cold oven (yes, the oven on your kitchen stove). Allow temperature to reach 300 deg. F. Hold this temperature for fifteen minutes. Then turn off the heat, allowing the painted tiles to remain in the oven until cool. That way, the tile may be washed without having the design come off.

WREATHS OR WINTER BOUQUETS

Buy or collect a large armload of evergreen boughs. Assemble wire, coat hangers, red ribbons, pine cones, whatever your artistic sense tells you will do, and construct a front-door wreath or evergreen spray for each of your friends. To make a winter bouquet, you really have to live in the country. But if that's where you live, take a walk through the woods with your eyes wide open. Look at the dried weeds, the odd thorny branches, the seed pods all done in subtle shades of brown. You'll be surprised at what striking, modern-looking bouquets can be arranged from these remnants of autumn. All it takes is a handy woods and two imaginative eyes.

SNAPSHOTS

Most people are much more delighted by pictures of themselves or their children than they are by pictures of you or your children. So run through your collection of snapshots. You're almost sure to find several pictures of your friends, your neighbors or their children. Have prints made and frame them in cardboard frames from the dime store.

GILDED WALNUTS

Separate English walnuts into two intact halves by careful cracking. Remove nut meats. Insert looped string between walnut halves and glue halves back together again. When glue has dried, gild the walnuts with gold or silver paint. They make attractive Christmas-tree ornaments. A dozen or so, assembled in a little mesh bag and tied with a gay ribbon, make a nice de-personalized greeting.

Well, as I said in the beginning, I felt like a pretty unselfish and virtuous person as I went about my de-personalization operations. Until Christmas night. I felt glowing on Christmas night, as if I had a thousand friends, all of whom I loved and who loved me. I loved all of humanity in fact. And it suddenly struck me that my de-personalization venture was completely and utterly selfish. My de-personalized Christmas greetings had given me so much pleasure. •

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. . to enjoy fully the subtle luxury of your Spode dinnerware. Generations of Spode artistry create for you a deep and abiding pride of owner-





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chair set the entire family will appreciate. Use it for TV snacks, as a buffet, sewing table or typewriter desk—there's plenty of spread-out room for everything. Handsomely designed, sturdily constructed, this quality Canadian-made product sports an amazingly low price tag at better furniture and department stores. Or write IDEAL UPHOLSTERING CO. LTD., 299 Marien Ave. Montreal East, Que.



CHATELAINE SAYS MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN



PINK RADIANCE
AND DEBUT
5-piece place setting
\$13,65
(Suggested retail price)
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Now... Royal Doulton brings you the newest creation in fine bone china... the graceful Coupe Shape. Shown is Pink Radiance, an airy linear design in soft pink edged with platinum. Also available in the *Debut* pattern in warm gray edged with platinum.



Write for colour leaflet and name of nearest dealer to: DOULTON & CO. LIMITED, DEPT. A, 51 WELLINGTON ST. W., TORONTO





Ball Christmas Cards to make yourself By LYNN HOWARD

Half the fun of Christmas is in the preparation. This year start the family fun early by making your own Christmas cards. The technique illustrated here is so simple that the whole household—from small fry to grandparents—will enjoy taking a hand. You don't have to be an artist. All you need to start is scissors, glue and paper. But to give your homemade greetings an amusing three-dimensional quality, keep your workbasket handy: you'll want sequins, beads, ribbon, thread, even buttons, once your imagination begins to perk and you see what you can do.

ONE: Buy one or more packages of colored construction paper at an art supply or stationery store, and a bottle of rubber cement. You will also need pencil, ruler, eraser and scissors. If Junior will contribute his, a high-school geometry set (including a compass for drawing circles) is a help.

TWO: You will need a design. If you feel that you have no artistic eye whatever, trace a simple design from a picture or an old Christmas card, the simpler the better. Study your model carefully, noting the main color areas. Shade these areas on your tracing so that you can see the shapes of the various color masses.

THREE: Choose a color scheme. One sheet of colored paper will form the background of each card. Fold the background sheet in half to form a book; lightly trace the design on the inside right-hand page.

FOUR: Noting the shapes of the color areas on the design, trace each shape separately on construction paper according to the colors you have chosen to compose your design.

FIVE: Cut out the shapes. For mass production, use the first shapes as patterns. Get the family assembly line going now, cutting out quantities of shapes to use in subsequent cards.

SIX: Glue the shapes in place on the design you have traced on the background card.

SEVEN: Here's where most of the fun starts: Your design is now basically complete; use your imagination to add individual touches—buttons on Santa's suit, sequins for eyes, halos of glittering foil, hair of darning wool, gold stars in the sky, a beard of absorbent cotton. Everyone will contribute ideas. But remember that your completed cards must fold flat for mailing, and be sure to use plenty of rubber cement so that these extra trimmings will stay in place en route.

EIGHT: Be sure to remind the helping hands that neatness is the difference between a card you can be proud of and a botch. When your design calls for straight lines, be meticulous. And make sure in the assembly work that each color shape is in its exact position before gluing fast.

Continued on page 42



Shown above, for example, is the brand new Crane porcelain-on-steel "Sunnyledge", which introduces for the first time in Canada a sinkand-drainboard combination for counter-top installation. At right are three other Crane models which, like the "Sunnyledge" are available in French Grey, Sun Tan and Appliance White as well as in the different colours shown.

The complete Crane line includes models with double or single drainboard . . . either one

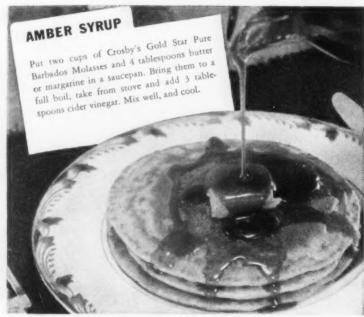
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Crosby's Gold Star Pure Barbados Molasses is light, sweet and tangy. It is delicious on waffles, French toast, fritters and cereal just as it comes from the container, or as the main ingredient in Amber syrup. Write us for free book of 118 Tasty Molasses Recipes.

CROSBY MOLASSES COMPANY LTD., Saint John, N. B.



YOU HAVE IN MIND ...

CHANEL N° 5

3-D CHRISTMAS CARDS

Continued from page 40

NINE: For signatures and personal greetings, cut an oblong of white paper and glue it on the left-hand page of the background book; write the message by hand. Unless you are particularly good at it, don't try hand lettering. An amateur effort will spoil the professional appearance of your design. Erase excess rubber 'cement by blotting with tissue when wet, and gently rubbing with finger tip or eraser when dry.



Stable scene in brown is texturally interesting with a moon of gleaming foil and manger filled with raffia straw. Madonna is dressed in two shades of blue; background is fawn.



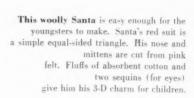
Partridge in a pear tree is difficult to do but is actually simple when tree is cut free-hand from folded paper so that both sides are symmetrical. From centre fold, cut one side only, unfold and press flat. Leaves are simple ovals of green, light and dark. (Use same fold method for black tree on bright blue background, as shown on page 40.)





"We Three Kings" is composed of nothing but triangles easy to draw with pencil and ruler. Sequins add a lively glitter — blue for their eyes, red for noses and white on hats.

Two Christmas gnomes swing on a rope of raffia from a star of heavy gold foil. Dark blue, red and white of figures stand out well against a light-blue sky.







Mock orange tree has brown trunk on a grey ground; leaves are cut freehand in green. Oranges are "tied" on with knots of straw-colored raffia.



Simple Madonna design in dark blue, purple and pale pink is set off by a large foil halo on a pale mauve-colored background.



Perfect gift for anyone who keeps house! The Bissell* is always ready for everyday cleaning and quick pickups. Keeps rugs looking new, makes them last longer. Choose the Bissell Sweepmaster—newest, most compact sweeper ever! -just \$15.45†. Other Bissells at \$9.45† and \$12.45†. Little Queen, for Mother's little helper, \$3.98.

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Dodge announces completely all-new looks...revolutionary new, higher horsepower with

* New looks! Dodge presents arresting new beauty in its dramatically low silhouette! There's dash and flair, too, in the new side-by-side arrangement of headlights and parking lights! New high-flaring tail fins, new grille agleam with glamour!

* New ride! Now Dodge invites you to experience revolutionary Torsion-Aire Ride, the greatest ride on wheels! Here is a totally new kind of torsion-bar suspension plus wider road-snugging tread, lower centre of gravity, low-friction steering, new "super-soft" tires!

* New go! This year Dodge Hy-Fire V-8's are the biggest, most powerful, most efficient yet! And Dodge again offers the proved reliability of the "Big Six". Teamed with famous push-button driving, you are assured of the easiest going on the road!

★ New stop! New total contact brakes bring you to a safer, quicker stop with a far *lighter* touch, far *smoother* feel! They apply a new braking principle to meet higher horsepower with higher "stoppower"! Brake linings last thousands of miles longer, too!

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new cars for 57... introduces stabilized ride...and matches a new kind of brake power!

ALL-NEW FOR '57

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CANADA'S FIRST MATINEE IDOL

Continued from page 21

recognition or a wave from an acquaintance is enough to switch on a stunningly high-voltage reaction from Goulet. He leaps to his feet, with the speed and grace of a postgraduate student at dancing school, and leans into every conversation as if it were leading to a movie contract. The fact that his own contributions to a conversation are sometimes vague or even distracted only slightly mars the compliment of his attention to the fan at hand.

There's nothing synthetic about his pleasure in an audience. A CBC department head who is also a personal friend says: "He's not blasé. He's the kind of person who must be appreciated to exist."

He Loves An Audience

Goulet himself says candidly: "I want to go wherever I can reach the biggest audience. Sure, I'd love to be in a Broadway show or have a regular TV program out of New York or a Hollywood contract. I've been promised a 20th Century screen test this winter. But what matters is reaching more people, not where you are."

Expatriate Canadian actor Murray Matheson, after watching Goulet's performance in the 1956 version of Spring Thaw, an annual Toronto revue, announced: "I don't know of anyone in his field in the U.S. who is better than he is both singing and in comedy." Locally, he's "at the head of the pack scattered field of musical-comedy leads," according to Ron Poulton, the Toronto Telegram's TV columnist. The Toronto Star's Hugh Thomson regularly "can't speak too highly of Mr. Goulet" and his counterpart at the Globe and Mail. Herbert Whittaker, has gone so far as to call him "a perfect revue per-

Goulet has never lacked for encouraging audiences. As a small child in Lawrence, Mass., he was urged by his Canadien father to perform about the house for relatives and friends. His father, a long illness, was active in amateur theatricals and that allied art form, wrestling. When the boy decided one night that he was too shy to sing, his father told him firmly that a talent was made to be used. If a boy could sing, the father said, he must

Goulet was thirteen when his father died and his mother moved him and an older sister from Lawrence to Edmonton where her own family lived. Bob went to St. Joseph's High School where he played football, broadcast high-school news over radio station CKUA and performed annually in the school play. In his final year, after being elected president of the drama society and vice-president of the school, he quit. "I wanted to be a radio announcer and I wanted to sing and I couldn't see that trig and the rest were going to be much help," he recalls.

Edmonton radio stations weren't immediately interested in helping young Goulet's career. The French-language station complained about his English accent, the English stations detected a residue of French in his English and they

Isn't it time you gave him Shave Lotion and Men's Cologne so individual ... Black Watch has set a new standard of quality

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all said his voice was too young. Marking time, he worked discontentedly for a construction company for six weeks. He was fast acquiring a reputation for minor accident-proneness as a truck driver when station CKUA called him in for another audition. This time, he and a friendly member of the staff worked over his tape recording until they were able to present the station manager with a flawless rendition of mature chest tones. Goulet got the general announcer's job that was vacant.

For two years he was variously a disc jockey, news and sports announcer. When he left he was CKUA's senior announcer and in possession of the prize afternoon shift. He had only one blemish on his record but it was a beauty. Late one night, having finished his own chores, he sat in with announcer Jim Waddell on his sports broadcast. As they waited for program time, they became dangerously infatuated with each other's wit. By the time Waddell went on the air the hilarity in the small booth was uncontrollable. Whereupon Edmonton sports fans were treated to a duet of masculine giggles

LADY IN THE DARK

By Ethel Jacobson

3 A.M.

I'm not much given to burglar seares.

But—I heard a kind of noise down-stairs—

A stealthy, sinister sort of squeak, A desperate — criminal kind of creak—

So, darling, would you take a peek...?

4 A.M.

I'm seldom nervous or suspicious, But something's awfully surreptitious

About this silence—it's too profound—

No reassuring, normal sound— So, angel, would you look around?

公 公

lasting a full two minutes, until the pair were abruptly replaced by recorded music. The Goulet charm was never more useful than during conversations with the station manager next morning.

While he was becoming a well-known voice to radio audiences in the area, Goulet was also building a firm local reputation as a concert singer. A regular in the cast of Varieties, an annual revue, he was also in demand as a soloist with the Edmonton Pops Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Choir. He studied both voice and theory.

In the spring of 1953 he was chosen to compete for a scholarship on the Singing Stars of Tomorrow radio program. Some sixty fans, a piper, four-piece orchestra and banner reading "Good Luck Bob Goulet" sent him on his way to Toronto. He wasn't a winner on Singing Stars. But in the fall he returned to Toronto, this time with a three-hundred-dollar scholarship to study at the Royal Conservatory.

He had three hundred dollars of his own which lasted until he got paying walk-on parts in the Toronto Opera Festival. He also got a two-hundred-dollar scholarship from the women's committee of the Festival Association to study at the Conservatory Opera School. At the end of the term he went into the chorus of Melody Fair, a summer theatre specializing in musical comedy that has since become extinct.

By the fall of 1954 he was appearing regularly in small parts on television. When Mavor Moore announced auditions for a new musical, Sunshine Town, Bob Goulet was one of the first in the queue. He hoped for but didn't expect a more conspicuous spot than in the chorus. He came away with one of the leading roles, that of reporter Tompkins. Since then, he's never looked back.

Minor parts in local revues and television productions, plus summer stock at Asbury Park, N.J., led to leading roles in the 1955 fall season. Goulet proved he could act passably as well as look decorative in a GM Theatre TV production of Little Women. During a record run of Spring Thaw, he showed a flair for comedy. In Vancouver for the summer season of Theatre Under The Stars, he was, according to west-coast critics, "an ideal leading man in almost every situation." Back in Toronto he "almost inconspicuously carried the show" in the leading role of the musical satire, The Optimist.

Goulet has never had a bad review. In the last twelve months, he's had two days of unemployment—a record not many Canadian entertainers can boast of to their bank managers. His earnings in 1956 were about ten thousand dollars.

Although he fancies himself in the dramatic role of struggling young actor, Goulet has actually had only a short run in that part. He had the satisfaction, however, of playing it in New York. Along with Joe Runner, another Sunshine Town alumnus, Goulet auditioned for Actors' Studio, Marlon Brando's alma mater, in the spring of 1955. They were unsuccessful but encouraged enough to return to New York at the end of the summer season.

Goulet at Gimbels

Two months later, when Goulet was called back to Toronto to play the male lead in Little Women, he could report that he'd drawn only one pay cheque in New York-for part-time work in the basement stationery department of Gimbels. But he had a fund of stories about his and Runner's battle against the cold and the cockroaches in their tenement apartment. Once, during their most impoverished period, they received a food package from a friend containing as its main feature a gift-wrapped twenty-fivepound smoked turkey. The expensive flavor palled after the first few slices but turkey remained the main course in every meal for a week.

Goulet's one dramatic scene was staged in Gimbels' basement, before a disgruntled audience of pre-Christmas shoppers. A large dowager, after steaming through the stationery department and roaring for service, had drawn up at Goulet's counter. Before she could more than scowl at him, he roared at her: "I'm tired of sour faces. Why don't you smile, Madam?" Whereupon, to the astonishment of nearby clerks, the customer burst into beams and announced: "Young man, you've made my day!"

Goulet still has the romantically lean



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and hungry look he was wearing in New York. But it's probably congenital. There are no cockroaches in his handsome quarters on the top floor of one of Toronto's swank new downtown apartment houses. He's vain about the view from his fifteenth-floor balcony (no guest escapes the Goulet guided tour of the Toronto skyline) and proud of his own paint job (charcoal and white) on the living room. He takes pleasure, too, in showing off the daughter born to his young wife last spring. But he's a long way from being

domesticated. On the rare evenings he has off from the theatre or CBC, he turns on the hi-fi before he takes off his coat in the apartment. He prefers a glass of beer and a fight on the floor with his cat to pipe and slippers with the evening paper. It's not easy to imagine Bob Goulet puttering about a home and garden.

"Women Are Impossible"

Last spring, with moving day imminent and no household possessions, he bolted into the nearest department store, enrolled in a pay-later plan, and spent hat an hour on the selection of furniture and equipment for the whole apartment. At the champagne party which officially opened the Goulets' new establishment, several of his guests commented on his catholic taste in wood finishes and suggested that a woman's advice would have helped him in his shopping. "Take a woman shopping?" Goulet bellowed incredulously. "Women are impossible. They price things."

On stage Goulet's attitude toward

women is impeccable. His love scenes with Marina Katronis in the Theatre Under The Stars' production of South Pacific were described by a Vancouver critic as having "a special tender eloquence." Miss Katronis herself was impressed by his ability to "hold the feeling the part calls for." His leading lady in two Toronto stage shows, Margo Mac-Kinnon, says simply: "With Bob, you kind of forget the audience."

The men whom Goulet has performed with approve more of his capacity for work than for making actresses indifferent to where they are. Fellow members of The Optimist cast were amazed at the speed with which he mastered the bulkiest role in the show. They were still tripping over their lines and feet when he was briskly in step and word-perfect. The explanation, as adapter-producer-director Mavor Moore was willing to

Does she...or doesn't she?



Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

You can see it dancing in his eyes... the fun and pride in having a mother whose happy spirit, whose radiant hair keeps her looking younger, so pretty all the time!

With Miss Clairol hair color, radiance is something which comes almost naturally! It's so quick and easy. And finished tone is always lively, young, yet soft and ladylike under brightest holiday lights. So even in this busiest of seasons, she wisely plans the little time it takes! And with Miss Clairol, it takes only minutes... to add clear, shining color to faded hair... to hide gray... to beauty-treat difficult texture to new softness. Miss Clairol is lasting

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Try Miss Clairol yourself. Today. In the Creme Formula or Regular. There's sure to be a shade that's a "natural" for you... whether it's Topaz®, Moongold, Sable Brown or any of the many other lovely colors.

MISS CLAIROL hair color bath

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YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine

Question:

Have you any recipes or suggestions for using caraway seeds?

-Mrs. R. M. Sills, Edmonton.

Answer:

Caraway seeds are most often used in breads, for example, pumpernickel. Also they can be used for seasoning apple desserts, such as baked apple, applesauce, or apple cake, or they may be added to any plain cookie recipe with tasty results. Mix with cream cheese for a delicious spread. Or try a nugget of blue cheese on half an apple, sprinkled liberally with caraway seeds. Hungarians even add caraway to their goulash!

point out, was Goulet's "genius for taking pains" with a part. While the others were enjoying a leisurely lunch, the leading man was back at the Avenue Theatre, hard at work.

Whatever he's doing—briefly appearing as Samuel de Champlain on Howdy Doody or in a production number with the whole cast of Showtime in the background—Goulet is always working hard at the business of becoming a star. In Spring Thaw he cheerfully, and literally, came apart at the seams once nightly and twice on Saturdays during a frenetic performance of a song-and-dance act comprehensively titled, I'd Rather Rock 'n' Roll With You, Baby, Than Beedle-Eepo With Anyone Else. Even in a bare CBC studio, trying on new songs for composer Lou Snider, he's on-stage, animated and lavishly gay.

Robert Goulet stands out partly because, quite unabashedly, he wants to. Unlike most Canadian singers who, according to TV columnist Poulton, "take up a position in front of a camera . . . looking like Washington crossing the Delaware," Goulet has no qualms about being conspicuous. Moreover, he does by reflex what most performers need a press agent to dream up for them.

When he visited the Toronto Humane Society to pose for publicity pictures, he came away the owner of a charcoal-colored kitten. He took the kitten because he has a passion for cats. But at the same time, he provided editors with engaging captions for his picture and a host of cat lovers with a charming impression of Robert Goulet.

He automatically stops to chat with small babies in carriages outside super-

still to come

IN THIS ISSUE

HOUSECLEANING TIPS

> Chatelaine's CHATTY CHIPMUNK

Make a
PUPPET SHOW
for the children

Chatelaine NEEDLECRAFT

YOUNG PARENTS By Dr. Robertson

TEEN TEMPO

markets, almost unaware of how comely he looks to the housewives hurrying by. He likes children and can't resist small talk with them any more than he can desist from bussing young women in public places. He often enters the Avenue Theatre on busy Eglinton Avenue under full song. Chatting with friends on a street corner, he's likely to break into a dance routine—a habit which friends ascribe to "insecurity."

dy

He's never been described as insecure on stage. According to Mavor Moore, he'll be "a great star in ten years." Margo MacKinnon says wistfully: "We wonder how long we'll keep him here." Goulet admits: "I've been lucky."

admits: "I've been lucky."

It seems likely that his luck will hold.

He has that rare talent for making ladies look him up in their programs when the lights go up.

... JULIETTE, Top TV Entertainer ... Star of the "Juliette Show" says:

"My hands must look picture perfect,
so I use...
to avoid RED, DRY HANDS"



"Before I started using Trushay, wind and weather made my hands red and chapped," says this popular TV artist. "Since cameras are so critical, I had a real problem. Then, I discovered Trushay. Now, on camera, and off, my hands look soft and white . . . so naturally Trushay is always on my dressing table."

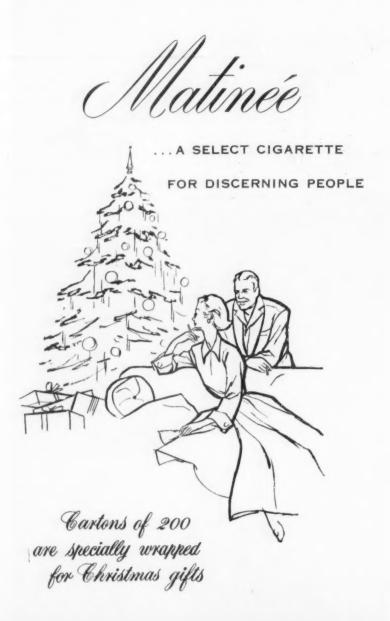
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You'll find Trushay makes a flattering powder base or delightful over-all body rub. Trushay will smooth away any roughness of elbows, knees and heels, too. With Trushay, every single drop counts... since Trushay is so richly concentrated.

Trushay



Another fine product of Bristol-Myers, makers of Ban the new roll-on deodorant,





HOW TO MAKE

Continued from page 22

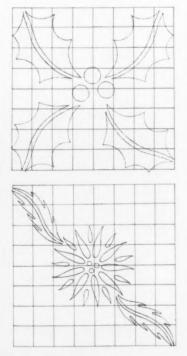
Driftwood and pine-cone centrepiece

Wire on either all-silver or all-gold decorations: metallic-painted cones, tree balls, foil ribbon bows. Use very fine piano wire or separate the strands of picture-hanging wire. To attach cones, make a hairpin loop of wire, slip under first row of scales, twist twice to hold cone tightly, slip around driftwood branch, twist, and cut off ragged ends. Use hairpin loops to attach balls, bows.

Gold-stenciled tablecloth and tree

Stencil a motif in gold, silver or copper metallic paint on inexpensive cotton sateen. Choose the sateen, enough for tablecloth and tree, in a rich dark green, navy or crimson. The cloth shown on page 22 was done in a damask design. Beginners can copy the holly or poinsettia designs below just as effectively. To make your stencil cut a 6-inch square of cardboard or oiled stencil paper. Mark off a 1-inch border all round. Rule the remaining 4-inch square into ½-inch squares, as shown in the sketches. Now draw the design, square by square, on your stencil. Cut out with razor blade.

Using a stipple brush, stencil the design on the cloth. Hold the brush in your fist and use a light circular motion, to prevent paint from running under stencil at edges. Repeat in an all-over pattern, leaving two inches between each design. For a speedier version, group designs at corners of cloth leaving centre plain, or stencil around borders only. Finish tablecloth edges with fringe. For



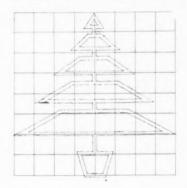
another effective design, cut out star stencils in varying sizes, from one to two inches across, and paint them on in random groupings.

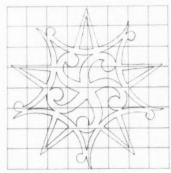
The tree: From a cardboard dress box cut a curved pie-shaped wedge 15 inches high, 18 inches wide at the base. To get the curved base, simply measure 15 inch-

es from the point at Intervals, mark, and cut. Fold in a cone shape and fix with cellulose tape. If necessary, trim base to stand even. Cover with stenciled cloth, pinning overlapping edges. For trim, glue on braid, jewels, sequins. Circle base with Christmas-tree balls.

Stylized trees or stars

Cut them from foil-covered cardboard. Make a brown-paper pattern first and cut out. Trace pattern on foil-covered cardboard and cut out with a razor blade. For the star or tree shown below, start





with a 12-inch square of brown paper; rule into 1½-inch squares and copy design square by square. Foil-covered card-board can be bought at stationers' stores or foil wrapping can be pasted to card-board with cold-water paste. Use six designs to cover the door. Add red or green balls with matching ribbon bows tied to them. Attach cut-outs and balls with transparent cellulose tape, hiding tape under bows.

Hanging baubles for TV corner

They can also hang from a light fixture in the hallway. For the centre piece, cover three lengths of stovepipe wire, or other light flexible wire, with tubular gold braid. Join wires at one end and hang from ceiling: use a cloth-backed hook you can glue to ceiling. Make a triangleshaped wire base, and attach bottom ends of hanging wires at each corner. With fine wire attach balls and bows (see method under driftwood centrepiece above). Glue hooks to surrounding area of ceiling, as shown on page 22, and from each hang a decoration. Use three-dimensional stars, which you can buy in plastic or foil in varying sizes; clusters of Christmas balls. Choose colors to suit your room's décor. For instance, have balls in one deep accent shade, with bows and stars in gold. Or for a pastel room, an all-gold scheme for bows, balls, stars, would be effective.

Della Robbia garland

Use this in a living room or hang over outside front door and windows. Measure the length you will require, allowing for dip in centre and tails at ends. For the base, make a tube of fine chicken wire, 3

inches in diameter, the length you require. Buy the very fine chicken wire used for flower arrangements. Cover the tube with small pieces of pine or artificial greenery, pressing them into wire base. Now wire on decorations. (See best wiring method under driftwood centrepiece above.) Use dried corn cobs-your own or those sold at florists' shops. Pierce one end and run wire through. Artificial fruits use the light papier-mâché kind not the heavy wax ones. Christmas balls. Painted pine cones. Walnuts - drill holes and wire on. Arrange decorations to make garland fuller in middle and tapering at ends.

Bind the garland crisscross fashion—as for ballet shoes—with ½-inch foil ribbon. Pin or wire two lengths of ribbon at one end and crisscross them. Practice with string first to get the length of ribbon you'll need. Make the garland in colors to accent your color scheme. The garland pictured is in yellows, orange and dark green, for a pale-yellow and apricot living room. Dark green with white and gold decorations is effective. Or use dark green, one metallic color and one bright accent color from your room.

CHRISTMAS FOODS FROM MANY LANDS

Continued from page 25

KOTTBULLAR

(Swedish meat balls)

2 eggs, well beaten % cup milk or tomato juice % cup dry bread , crumbs ½ pound minced veal

1/2 pound minced

1½ teaspoons salt ¼ teaspoon pepper ¼ cup chopped onion sautéed in 2 tablespoons fat ¼ teaspoon sage, dill seed or thyme

Soak the crumbs in the egg and milk mixture until soft. Add remaining ingredients and beat well. Shape in small balls with a teaspoon and fry in deep hot fat until brown. Drain and keep hot until serving time. Yields $3V_2$ dozen balls $1V_2$ inch in diameter.

OYSTER HORS D'OEUVRES

(French hot appetizer)

Marinate smoked oysters in French dressing or lemon juice for 1 hour. Drain. Wrap each in a half slice of rindless side bacon. Secure with a toothpick and broil or pan-fry until bacon is crisp.

ANTIPASTO

Antipasto is served as the first course of an Italian meal and consists of crispy lettuce, spicy smoked or salted meats, Italian cheese, ripe and green olives, anchovies, strips of green peppers, green onions, celery, radishes and sections of tomato. It is accompanied by cruets of garlic-flavored oil and tangy red-wine vinegar.

Antipasto Platter

Polish sausage, pepperoni, mortadella, capacollo and prosciutto. Ripe and green olives, cubes of Mozzarella cheese, anchovies, green pepper, tomato sections, radish roses.

Oeufs à la Riga (recipe on next page) set off the centre of the platter.

Continued on next page





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Continued from previous page

OEUFS A LA RIGA (French Egg Hors D'Oeuvre)

Pink Mixture

3/4 cup finely chopped shrimp or lobster 1 tablespoon lemon 2 tablespoons soft

Mayonnaise to Salt and black pepper 2 teaspoons ketchup for coloring

Pale-Green Mixture

2 tablespoons anchovy paste 1/4 cup drained puréed spinach I tablespoon soft butter

2 tablespoons French dressing Salt and black pepper Garlic or onion powder (optional)

Split hard-cooked eggs lengthwise. Press egg yolks through a fine sieve. Add half the egg yolks to ingredients for the pink mixture and cream well to a soft consistency. Add remaining egg yolks to ingredients for the pale-green mixture and cream well. Fill the egg-white shells using a pastry tube. Garnish if desired.

ROAST GOOSE

Choose a 10- or 12-pound eviscerated goose. If frozen, completely defrost and bring to room temperature before roasting. Singe and wipe inside and out with a damp cloth. Loosely stuff with Prune and Sausage Stuffing (see recipe below). Reserve I cup to fill the neck cavity. Tie or lace securely and place on a rack or trivet in a roast pan. Prick fat of the breast with a fork in several places. Roast uncovered in a preheated oven for 11/2 hours at 350 deg. F. Pour fat off the goose twice during this time. Sprinkle with salt and reduce heat to 325 deg. F. Cover and continue roasting slowly for 31/2 to 4 hours. Test with a fork between thigh and breast. Goose is cooked when no pink juice appears. If goose is to be served cold, brush the breast generously with melted apple or apricot jelly and refrigerate when cool.

PRUNE AND SAUSAGE STUFFING (For a cleaned 10- to 12-pound goose)

2 teaspoons sage

11/2 cups pitted

coarsely

1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

cooked prunes, cut

1/2 cup sour cream

I pound pork 1/2 teaspoon ground cardamom seed sausage meat 4 cups stale whole-(optional)

wheat or rye bread crumbs 1/2 cup chopped I teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon black

Fry sausage meat on low heat until cooked but not brown. Drain off fat and save for future frying purposes. Combine the remaining ingredients with a fork, and add the sausage meat. Mixture will be moist. For a dry stuffing, eliminate the sour cream.

CRANBERRY AND TANGERINE RELISH

21/2 cups washed 2 teaspoons grated cranberries orange rind l cup water 4 large tangerines, 1 cup sugar peeled and section-

Place cranberries and water in a covered saucepan and cook on medium heat until cranberries begin to pop. Remove from heat and stir in sugar, orange rind

and tangerine sections. Cool and store in the refrigerator. Tangerine sections may be cut in half if very large. Serve in orange shells to accompany roast goose, turkey or duck. Makes about 41/2 cups of relish. Leftover relish makes a delicious fruity mixture for upside-down

SPICED GLAZED CRAB APPLES

1 quart washed whole crab apples 2 cups water 11/2 cups sugar 1/2 cup corn syrup

I cinnamon stick 12 whole cloves Red vegetable coloring

Steam crab apples until just tender when pricked with a fork. Boil remaining ingredients together for 5 minutes. Pour syrup over the steamed crab apples and chill overnight. Serve as an accompaniment and garnish for pork pie.

MUSTARD PICCALILLI

Since it is too late in the season to make this delectable English relish you may like to make a fair substitute just for

piccalilli, drained

1/2 cup prepared mustard

Combine the two mixtures and serve with English Pork Pie.

PORK PIE

(English Melton Mowbray)

2 pounds lean pork (with bone) 3 cups water 13/4 teaspoons salt 34 cup chopped

1/s teaspoon sage 1 bay leaf 6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced I tablespoon gelatine softened in 1/4 cup cold water

1/4 teaspoon each of black pepper, sweet basil and rosemary

Cut pork into two-inch pieces. Place in a saucepan with bones and water. Bring to a boil and skim. Turn heat low and add remaining ingredients (except eggs and gelatine). Cover saucepan and simmer for 21/2 to 3 hours. Discard the bones. Drain the meat and cut into small cubes. Add the softened gelatine to the hot liquid. Roll pastry out to 3/8 inch thick and fit it into a straight-sided round pan or mold 7 inches by 31/2 inches deep. Add alternate layers of pork and hard-cooked eggs. Moisten with 1/2 cup of the liquid. Cover with a pastry top and make a 1/2-inch hole in the centre. Seal edges. Brush top with beaten egg and bake in a preheated oven of 350 deg. F. for 21/2 to 3 hours. Pour remaining liquid through the hole in the centre. Cool and refrigerate overnight. Serve cold with pickle relish.

Pastry for Pork Pie

11/2 cups chilled

11/4 teaspoons salt Cold water

4 cups sifted allpurpose flour

Cut fat into the flour and salt mixture with a pastry blender. Add cold water to form a stiff dough. Chill and use for Pork Pie recipe.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

1 cup soft butter 1/2 cup firmly packed light-brown sugar (put through 1/2 teaspoon vanilla 31/4 cups sifted pastry flour

Cream butter, add sieved brown sugar. Mix well and add vanilla. Stir in the Continued on page 54

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WHATEVER THE FASHION ... THE FASHION IN FRAGRANCE

15

CHANEL N° 5

Continued from page 52

flour. Chill dough to make it easier to handle. Pat out on lightly floured board. then roll to 1/4-inch thickness. Cut in shapes with floured cookie cutters. Decorate with small candies or glazed cherries. Shortbread dough may be colored pale green and cut in tree shapes, then decorated. Bake on an ungreased cookie sheet in a preheated oven of 325 deg. F. for 20 to 25 minutes or until edges begin to color.

SPECALOOS

(Belgian spice cookies)

1/2 teaspoon cinna-% cup butter or margarine 3/4 cup firmly pack-1/4 teaspoon nutmeg ed brown sugar 14 teaspoon cloves 2 cups sitted pastry 15 teaspoon mace flour 1/4 cup ground al-1/4 teaspoon baking monds and 1/4 cup chopped citron peel 1/4 teaspoon salt (optional)

Cream butter and sugar together. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients and nuts and citron. Chill dough. Roll out to 14-inch thickness on a lightly floured board. Cut with fancy or plain cookie cutters and place on greased cookie sheets. Bake in a preheated oven 350 deg. F. for 15 to 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool and decorate with icing, if desired. Yields 3 dozen.

Note: Cookies may be brushed with egg white and sprinkled with sugar and sliced nuts.

ZIMT STERNE

(German nut cookies)

1/2 teaspoon cinna-2 egg whites 11/2 cups sifted 21/2 cups mixed icing sugar ground nuts (al-1 teaspoon grated lemon rind monds, walnuts, pecans or filberts)

Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar gradually and continue beating. Stir in lemon rind and cinnamon. Set aside 1/2 cup of this mixture. Stir the ground nut meats into the remaining egg-white mixture. Pat nut dough out on pastry board sprinkled with icing sugar to about 1/3inch thickness. Smooth top with a rolling pin without pressing. Cut in small shapes with a cookie cutter dipped in icing sugar. Place on a well-greased cookie sheet and spread tops with reserved egg-white mixture. Bake in a preheated oven (350 deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Yields 21/2 dozen.

OLIEBOLLEN

(Fruited Dutch fritters)

1 package dehydrat-I teaspoon grated ed veast lemon rind 1/3 cup lukewarm I tart apple, peeled and grated I teaspoon sugar 1/2 cup seedless 14 cup soft butter raisins I egg, well beaten 134 cups sifted all-1/2 cup sugar purpose flour 1/2 teaspoon salt

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water to which I teaspoon sugar has been added (about 10 minutes). Add remaining ingredients in order given. Cover bowl and set in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Drop the mixture by small spoonfuls into deep fat heated to 350 deg. F. Fry until golden brown. Drain and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and cinnamon. Makes 3 dozen small fritters.

BOKKEPOOTJES

(Dutch macaroons)

2 egg whites 1/4 teaspoon salt 34 cup fine granulated sugar

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind on l teaspoon vanilla 21/2 cups desiccated

Beat egg whites and salt until stiff. Add sugar gradually and continue beating. Stir in lemon rind and coconut. Form into strips 1/2 inch wide, 3/8 inch thick and 21/2 inches long on greased cookie sheets. Bake in a preheated oven of 325 deg. F. for 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from the pans as soon as they are baked. Cool on a cake rack and put together in pairs with the following filling: 2 tablespoons soft butter, 2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate. 11/4 cups sifted icing sugar and 2 tablespoons water. Dip ends in melted semisweet chocolate and dredge with chocolate shot. Makes 30 macaroons

EIER KRINGEL

(German egg rings)

3 hard-cooked egg yolks l egg, well beaten % cup fine granulated sugar % cup soft butter or margarine 1 tablespoon grated orange rind

2 cups sifted pastry 1/4 teaspoon salt 3/4 teaspoon ground cardamom seed 1/2 cup ground blanched almonds (optional)

Press egg yolks through a fine sieve. Add beaten egg, sugar, butter and orange rind. Stir in remaining ingredients. Chill dough until firm. Roll out on lightly floured board to 1/4-inch thickness. Cut with a small doughnut cutter. Place on greased cookie sheet. Brush with egg white, sprinkle with sugar and decorate. Bake in a preheated oven 350 deg. F. for 12 to 15 minutes. Yields 5 dozen.

BISCOTTI AL' ANICI

(Italian anise biscuits)

3 eggs % cup fine granulated sugar 5 drops anise oil 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind (optional)

21/2 cups sifted allpurpose flour % teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon baking powder 3/4 cup soft butter

Beat eggs thoroughly, add sugar gradually and continue beating until mixture is thick. Add anise oil and lemon rind. Stir in half the sifted dry ingredients, then the soft butter. Add remaining flour





mixture. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead slightly. Form into an oblong loaf 3 inches wide by 3/4 inch thick. Chill overnight. Brush dough with beaten egg and sprinkle with sugar. Cut slices 3/8 inch thick and place cut side down on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 20 to 25 minutes or until light brown. Yields approximately 3 dozen biscuits.

FROSTED BERLINER MANDEL KUCHEN

(German almond coffee cake)

1/4 cup lukewarm water l teaspoon sugar I package dehydrated veast 1/4 cup scalded milk 1/2 cup soft butter or shortening 1/4 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt 2 teaspoons grated

orange rind

2 tablespoons orange juice 2 well-beaten eggs 3/4 cup seeded raisins 1/4 cup finely chopped mixed peel 1/4 cup finely chopped glazed cherries 1/3 cup blanched slivered almonds 3 cups sifted allpurpose flour

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water to which I teaspoon of sugar has been added. Pour scalded milk into a bowl and add butter, sugar, salt, orange rind and juice. Stir in eggs and dissolved yeast. Add fruits and nuts dredged with a half cup of the flour. Add remaining flour. Knead slightly on floured board. Place in a greased bowl and cover. Set in a warm place until double in bulk. Cut dough into three pieces and roll each piece separately between the hands to form strips about 12 inches long. Braid the strips together on a greased cookie sheet. Cover with a cloth and when double in bulk, brush with sugar syrup or beaten egg and bake in a preheated oven of 375 deg. F. for 25 to 30 minutes.

SPUMONI

(Italian Ice Cream)

Use star-shaped layer cake pans or round 8-inch layer cake pans.

2 pints rich chocolate ice cream 2 teaspoons rum flavoring 1/2 cup chopped 2 cups whipped cream sweetened and colored a pale green on 1 pint lime sherbet 2 pints vanilla ice

1/2 cup chopped seeded raisins 1/4 cup chopped glazed red and green cherries 1/4 cup chopped candied peel 1/4 cup chopped candied pineapple 1/2 teaspoon

Break up chocolate ice cream with a fork. Sprinkle with rum flavoring and nuts. Press nuts into the ice cream with a warm spoon. Divide mixture between the two pans. Spread evenly. Cover both layers with the tinted whipped cream. Place in the freezer overnight. Dip pans quickly in hot water. Loosen edges with a knife and turn out separately on wax paper or foil. Return to the freezer. Work the fruits, peel and cinnamon into the vanilla ice cream. Divide mixture between the two pans and freeze until firm. Assemble Spumoni in layers starting and ending with chocolate layers. Press together and return to freezer. Frost top and sides with tinted whipped cream and store in freezer. To serve, cut in wedges with a sharp knife dipped in hot water. Serves 12 to 14.



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Michyl Paul's hands. Only lower hand was given Jergens care.

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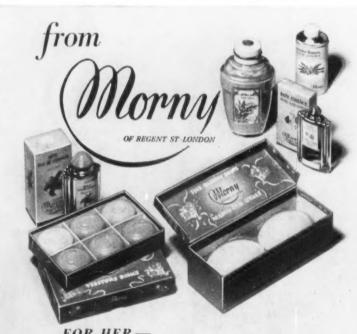
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Christmas-tree needles

Are you tired of sweeping up fir needles every day at Christmas time? Here's how to avoid it: Stand the Christmas tree in a pail, surround the base of the trunk with stones or coal for support, then fill the pail with water. For extra support tie a heavy cord around the trunk and nail or thumbtack the other end to a baseboard behind the tree (a corner baseboard is perfect). Spread sheets of aluminum foil, tissue paper or a large cloth around the base. Cover with cotton batting to simulate snow.

Every other day check the water level in the pail and fill when necessary. Some pine needles may fall and will stay on the floor covering at the base. When it is time to discard the tree, remove the decorations and shake the tree vigorously. Lift it out of the pail and carefully pick up the covering around the base. A vacuum cleaner will easily pick up the few needles that are left.

Crepe-paper stains

To remove red or green crepe-paper stains on white damask cloths, soak the tablecloth in a solution of six ounces of three-percent hydrogen peroxide in one quart of boiling water. Double this quantity for a large cloth. When stain has dissolved from the cloth, wash in hot sudsy water, rinse thoroughly and dry.

Toaster crumbs

Pop-up electric toasters perform more efficiently with a weekly cleaning. Remove the crumb tray and wash in warm sudsy water, rinse and dry. Before replacing the tray, shake the toaster up and down to remove crumbs that may be loose or clinging to the element guards. If buttered toast or sweet buns have been reheated in the toaster it may be necessary to brush carefully the element guards with a soft brush. Replace crumb tray.

Oven clean-up

Grease stains on the porcelain interior of an oven are more easily removed if the oven is warm. Remove stains by washing with household ammonia dissolved in hot water and with steel-wool soap pads. If oven is badly discolored use a liquid oven cleaner that can be brushed or sprayed on. Leave several hours or overnight, then remove with warm soapy water.

Refrigerator odors

The insides of automatic-defrosting refrigerators should be thoroughly cleaned about once every three weeks. Of course the frequency depends on whether strong-flavored foods have been stored without covering and whether there have been spill-overs of juices, milk, etc., which have run into corners without being wiped up.

A solution of washing soda or baking soda and hot water is the best cleaner for all refrigerator parts, racks, crispers, ice-cube trays, supports, etc. Three causes of odors in a refrigerator are strong-flavored foods left uncovered, too high temperature and too much food for proper circulation of cold air.

Care for flour sifter

Wash your flour sifter once or twice a month to keep it sweet and clean. Hold it under fast-running cold water until all loose flour is removed. Wash in warm water and soda solution, then rinse thoroughly. Leave out overnight to dry or place in a warm oven. Store sifter in a plastic bag or clean cotton bag when not in use.

Smoke-stained fireplace

At this time of year smoke stains on the front of stone or brick fireplaces may be a problem. You can remove them with a scrubbing brush and hot sudsy water. Rinse with clear, hot water. Synthetic detergents may also be used. Before scrubbing, cover the floor in front of the fireplace with newspapers.

Streaked stone floors

To remove dull grey cement marks on the stones of slate or stone entrance-hall floors, use muriatic acid and water before waxing. Cover the hands with rubber gloves and scrub stones with a solution of 1 part muriatic acid to 4 parts water. Wash with warm water and allow to dry thoroughly. Apply a thin coat of paste wax and then buff with a floor polisher.

Oil a chopping block

Scrub a chopping block regularly with hot soapy water, rinse thoroughly and allow to dry overnight. Next day brush with salad oil. If there are stains on the surface use fine steel wool on them. Deep marks can only be removed with coarse sandpaper, then fine sandpaper, before applying the oil.

Wrap prevents tarnish

Wrap sterling-silver trays, casserole dishes, tea sets, etc., in a clear plastic wrap available in rolls. Silverware will stay bright and untarnished much longer and can be used, then rewrapped. ◆

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

Continued from page 13

into our hearts. Love of our distant native land, love of the people who were our own but whom we did not know, mingled with the traditions of Christmas.

Now I am in that land, it is beautiful and the people no less dear for being well known. Most of my dreams have come true, I am a happy woman and happiness overflows into every relationship and activity of my life. I have no complaints. And yet, this morning, as I wait for Christmas, I wait, too, for the Christmas spirit of this year of 1956. I do not yet see Christmas in me, the spirit that alone infuses meaning into the gifts and the preparations, enriching the giving and the receiving on Christmas Day.

Let me search my memory while I wait. What is the difference between Christmas now, and the Christmas of long ago? It is contained in the difference between the days of our forefathers, the age of the pioneer and the covered wagon, the age of the candle and the lantern, and this our age, the jet-atomic age. It has come so fast, the monstrous change. Within a lifetime horse-drawn carriages

In January Chatelaine

Dr. Hilliard writes about A WOMAN'S FIRST BABY

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CANADIAN WOMAN'S COMPLETE TRAVEL GUIDE

have given way to swift motors and to rocket engines in the sky. Sleigh bells have become nostalgic toys, and on Christmas Eve their jingle will be drowned, likely, in the whine of a jet's afterburners. True, we shall sing the Christmas carols in the old way, the family gathered about the piano for memory's sake, but when the children have gone to bed, we elders will listen to great choirs of professional singers whose voices come to us by record or radio or television, and beautiful as their music is, something is missing there from the old melodies of Christmas.

And lucky though we are as a family to own a spot of land where we can go out and cut our Christmas tree, this has become a rite and not a reality. The average family has no wood lot and instead will buy a tree at the store or from the man who goes through the new housing development near us with a truckload of trees. And even he does not see the woods, but has hauled his trees from the railroad freight vard. Oh, we'll celebrate Christmas, just the same, but for some it will only be a day of too much food, too many gifts and, at the end, weariness. Where the spirit fails there is always weariness.

And the spirit fails, perhaps, because we are still tied emotionally to yesterday, so that today seems ephemeral and unreal. We have not put down deep roots—and we dare not, for tomorrow presses so hard upon this still unrealized today that roots will have to be pulled up again and yet again. Are there no verities left to us? Every thinking mind must ask the question. How shall we translate in terms of today's life the meanings which yesterday seemed eternal?

There are verities, and they are still eternal. In spite of every change and through every change that is now taking place and will take place in the unimaginable future, the verities remain unchanged. Let me review them for my own soul, this morning before Christmas.

The verity of human beings remains. gaze out upon the high white stretches of the mountain. It is the same, yesterday and today and forever. A tablet upon the mountain tells me that a century ago eighteen thousand people gathered to hear the political speech of one Daniel Webster, who spoke for freedom. Well, eighteen thousand people could not be mustered now to gather upon this mountain's flank. The children of those men and women have scattered over the earth's surface and their farms have gone back to forest. But wider thousands still gather to hear men speak of good government for a free people. The change has been only in the medium. The people, past and present, are the same.

Today, more than ever, with all the zest of their forefathers, the people search for good men and women to sit in the seats of government. Does it matter that the voice comes through a machine? I think not. Daniel Webster's voice floated down the air waves upon a mountainside and fell no more directly upon the listening ears than does the voice of the man who today addresses us. His voice, too, rides upon the waves of the air, and with the same speed of sound, though the distance is magnified by thousands of miles. We, his listeners, judge his words and seek to know his mind as eagerly and as acutely as did those earlier men and women when they stood upon the mountain slope, to weigh the words and thoughts of Daniel Webster. We are the children of those people, their spirit lives in us and we bequeath that spirit to our children.

The other day I heard my son, turned twenty, say words which will comfort me for the rest of my life. We were disagreeing about something—what, I have forgotten. I was fearful, I suppose, as parents are, lest he act in some way I could not approve. It is hard for a parent to know the exact moment when a son is fully grown. Suddenly he turned a smile upon me. "Mother," he said, "you needn't worry. You've put a conscience in me and that's the most that any parent can do. Oh, I won't pretend! I'd like to be rid of it, once in a while, but I can't. It's in me for life."

I could let him go and I did. "Do what you think is right," I said.

Our forefathers put conscience into us, too, the verity of the knowledge of good and evil. It is a wonderful fact that while the peoples of the earth differ much in the ways in which they live and even in the ways in which they think, yet upon what is good and evil they all agree. A good man in any country is the same man. He is the honest man, the man of honor, the man who thinks of others when he thinks of himself, the man whom people can trust for magnanimity as well as for justice. This is eternal verity.

And whence comes the magnanimous





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spirit? How is it conceived, how born, how bred? For answer I return to an ancient book of Japan, The Heike. There, among the stories of many people, is also the story of Saigyo, the monk who fled from life to escape the tortures of desire and ambition. Yet he had first to learn to love the life that he had chosen, for "he was prepared to declare that he who had not learned to love his own life could not love mankind, and what he sought now was to love the life which was his."

Here, I believe, is the verity of verities. Before we can be magnanimous, before we can be people of good will, and so bring good will upon this earth, we must love life itself. And how love life when its changes confound and confuse us, and the old ways of living are gone? The verities, I say, remain unchanged. People are not different from what they ever were. The good are still the good, and evil is evil. However the standards are wrenched this way and that until we feel that life itself is out of equilibrium, we have only to wait and equilibrium is restored. Good emerges again as good, and evil is once more set apart. Storms and tempests may wreck a landscape but the wreckage is temporary. Sun and warmth prevail and life grows again and the landscape resumes its essential self.

The verities of the earth are great veri-

ties, second only to the truth of goodness and the human conscience. I have learned, when I cannot understand life for a time, to return to the earth. Again I am fortunate because I live in the country where the earth is beneath my feet and before my eyes day and night. But earth's verities can be as plain to see in a growing plant upon a city window sill.

Actually the change is in our knowledge of what has already existed since time immemorial. We may wish we did not know about the atomic forces which can destroy us, if we so allow. Was it not better, we cry, when we did not know? But there was never any time when we were not learning, when we did not know. When man first discovered fire doubtless he was terrified, doubtless he was shaken to the core of his being, overcome with the horror of the new and seemingly uncontrollable force. Yet he learned to control that which he has never yet wholly understood; for what is the meaning of this sudden transfiguration of dead matter into a living flame no one knows. We know the cause and the effect, but we do not understand the change itself, any more than we understand why, when certain simple materials, seemingly inert and certainly ancient in themselves, are put together within the framework of a formula we should then

have the terrifying new force which we call atomic.

It is still a truth, as the old preacher declared in Ecclesiastes, that there is nothing new under the sun. Of man and woman the child is born, new and fresh

* * *

CAREER GIRL

By May Richstone

The job of wife and mother pays Something less than a pretty penny, And tasks assigned to busy days Run overtime. There isn't any Advancement I might hope to gain—

I've gone as far as I can already; But on the whole, I can't complain—

The work is steady!

in every generation, and yet eternally the same. When I contemplate such verity I am comforted by life's stability, by earth's unchangeableness. What has seemed new and frightening assumes its place in the unfolding of knowledge. It is good to know our universe. What is new is only new to us.

So Christmas takes its place as part of the unchanging pattern. The old ways change, but the spirit does not change. It does not matter what the gift is, because the giving and not the gift is the verity-the giving and the receiving. And the giving and receiving signify and prove that the spirit is not dead. In the humdrum of daily life it might easily be believed by the despondent harried soul, which sometimes anyone is, that all is selfishness and coldness of heart, that love is lost. Then Christmas comes and in the symbolism of its giving and receiving to those we know and love and to the unknown, to the poor and lonely in every community, we find our faith renewed because our own hearts warmed again to life and love.

Yes, we need Christmas. Christians have made Christmas, but in every religion everywhere in the world there are days which mean Christmas, days of renewal of peace and good will among men. The ways in which we express the day's meaning differ in time and place but the meaning never changes. The blessed Christmas spirit descends upon us even in this year of our Lord, in 1956 . . . And so, God bless us all.



A GIFT OF IVORY

Continued from page 15

Then, while a week passed, the children argued about what the goats should be called. The boys would not say the girls' names they liked and they teased poor Sheila, who was then only eight years, for all the names she chose. So at last the child came to her mother in tears, and the mother said, "I will name the goats."

There could be nothing simpler than that, you would think, but the mother did not find it simple at all, for she could not fix on names that were proper for the little creatures until the Twelfth Day, the Feast of the Epiphany. On that night, after the *Ite, missa est* was said and she knelt for the *Benedicat vos.* her prayer book tumbled off her lap and lay on the floor open. When she picked it up, her eyes fell on the page, and it was the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and she saw: Mystical Rose . . . Morning Star . . . Tower of Ivory, pray for us.

And when they were home again, the mother said, "Brian's goat will be called Rose; Kevin's, Star; and Sheila's, Ivory."

Of course, the children were delighted with the names, as well they might be though the mother said nothing of their origin, which, in fact, is older than the Litany, old as the splendor of the poetry of the Jews, older than two thousand years, or five thousand maybe for all I can tell.

Spring came, and summer was in the meadow. The goats throve, but man did not, not in Ireland, nor even far away across the Irish Sea in England. The blight was abroad, virulent as ever, and death brooded over the land, waiting for the lowering sky and the dark November to gather up the weakened bodies. The family of Michael O'Connor, like all about, were sore set for food. Sheila's mother thought: "Ah, it is a judgment for the temerity with which I gave the holy titles for names to the goats." She told the children what she had done, but Sheila scarcely heard, so full was she of the news she had.

"Mother," she cried, "Ivory has grown horns! Mr. Gordon said they were Holland goats, and they would be white as snow, but they would never have horns, and Ivory has them!"

The mother went to see, and sure enough, the prettiest little horns in the world were on Ivory's head, the best part of an inch long already, and the boys were jealous, for Rose and Star had only their bumpy little skulls. So the mother

said to herself no more about judgments, for she knew she had been sent a sign that no displeasure had been caused at all. And one day, caressing the creature, she said to Sheila, "They are horns of ivory, my dear. The goat was named for one of the titles of Our Lady, and the horns are of the purest ivory."

Sheila looked at her mother, wideeyed, and the goat looked at the two of them with its great brown eyes that were full of affection, for a goat is not like a lamb that grows into a sheep and goes its own way. With a goat, love is forever.

But when the next Christmas came, the goats had been slaughtered because there was no feed for them, for man, under God, has a duty not only to his fellow man but to his animals. Indeed, the flesh of the goats preserved the life of the family in that winter when 1846 became 1847, the most terrible winter of all, right back through all the sadness and the greatness of the history of Ireland. Only a small pair of horns remained, and over these the little girl wept and said her prayers.

Then, early in the year, the mother was stricken and in pain, and the Doctor O'Rourke said to Michael O'Connor: "John Bradley's wagon goes to Belfast the day after tomorrow. He will carry her, with a letter I will write to Sir Bernard Ogilvie, the great surgeon. No other hand can save her. See to it she is warmly clad and with blankets. Mary Bradley will go along and look to her comfort. It must be as I say. God have mercy on us all."

They watched their mother go, grey and still in her bed in the drover's wagon, with a tarpaulin for a roof. And they knelt down in the mud while the wagon jolted off on its long journey — near seventy Irish miles—clear across Tyrone, around the south shore of Lough Neagh over the tip of County Armagh and County Down, into Antrim, and all in winter, God help us, to Belfast.

The nights fell and the days broke dark and troubled, and they watched the road until the wagon of John Bradley hove in sight again, and Mary was waving to them, and they knew the mother was spared. Their hearts leaped when she brought word from the great doctor that the mother might be expected to travel home a month hence. "John and I will fetch her in March," Mary Bradley said. The children kissed her and they all cried with happiness. God was willing, and in the spring the mother was well and strong again.

There was a harvest. It was a poor harvest, but what with the corn that came from America, that was given, not bought,



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and the worst of the blight over, things began to look a little brighter. One day the O'Connor said to his family, "Where the corn came from, we will go." Then a shadow crossed his face, for there was a matter of a debt to be paid first, the fee of the surgeon, Sir Bernard Ogilvie, neatly written out for ten guineas.

"No," he said. "You children, one day perhaps. Not 1, nor your mother. All I owa free of debt would not raise ten guineas. Not in these times. And I could not let it stand and travel away so far."

This the small Sheila thought about, night after night, before she went to sleep, and toward winter the idea came to her that she had her own treasure, and with this she could pay Sir Bernard Ogilvie. But when she told her mother, the mother only gathered her in her arms and put her head against her shoulder that the child might not see her tears, and held her so, shaking her head.

But that Sheila was made of sterner stuff, as they say, than you might expect of a small girl. The next the mother heard of the plan was Kevin's bursting into the house, crying, "Sheila is gone this hour with John Bradley and Mary to Belfast! I met them at Horn Hill and Mary Bradley said she promised to take care of her. But go the girl must, and will be bac! before Christmas."

"Glory be to God," lamented the mother, "the girl thinks the goat's horns are of ivory and she is carrying them to Sir Bernard Ogilvie to settle the bill! Oh, the poor child, the poor child. And Michael away shooting, and with no horse to follow even if he were not!"

But Sheila was singing to John Bradley and his wife Mary, the three of them making light of the journey. In Sheila's lap was the little parcel by which the family's debt was to be paid.

It was late afternoon, and it was raining, when the girl found herself standing before the stone portal of Sir Bernard's house in the town of Belfast, still clutching her parcel while John Bradley and his wife went on to the drovers' inn where they were all to rest the night. There was no song about her now. She was a solemn little thing by the time she had screwed up courage enough to pull the brass knob that glittered at her through the gloomy, wet dusk.

Presently the door opened and a manservant looked out. He looked enormous to Sheila, and terribly fierce, which no doubt he was, for he saw a sad little waif, from the Falls Road, maybe, or from the country, and he guessed she'd have prayer beads in her pocket. So he said nothing at all, and at last the girl numbled the name of the doctor.

"Patients to the surgery," he commanded. "The side path, here . . ." and he pointed, after which he shut the door in Sheila's face.

Undaunted, she found the door with the brass plate, SURGERY, and seeing no bell pull, she knocked feebly and pushed open the door. It was a large room, sparsely furnished, with a bare, worn floor, into which she crept. It was cold in spite of the coal fire at one end, and dim, although gas jets burned against the winter dusk. Along the walls sat a variety of people, whom she guessed to be Sir Bernard's patients, and so she sat down upon the nearest chair, her clothes dripning a little on the floor.

By and by, a door at the far end opened and a man emerged, whose stern expression and irascible manner of speech with the old woman to whom he addressed himself filled Sheila with awe and fright. After all, what would you expect in Belfast, in 1847? A pretty nurse smiling and a soft-spoken doctor receiving you in a shaded pastel office?

Well, there was neither here, only the gruff old surgeon bullying an old woman for taking too much gin, examining a child rapidly and telling the mother if it were washed more often it would be well enough, looking coldly at a man who cringed before him and pointing silently to the street door and then—oh Jesus, help me now, oh, Blessed Patrick, pray for me—standing before herself with his eyes upon her under the bushy brows, and she stricken with no voice at all except the inner one that prayed, while her arms held out the little parcel in front of her, and the tears began to run down her cheeks.

"What is this you have, child?" he demanded, and there was the faintest note and the doctor's bark. But the fright had gone from her and she sat watching the glow of the coals, holding the box in her hands, so that when the doctor came in she was able to tell him who she was and why she had come.

"Your mother does well?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Good. And now you have brought me certain ivories in payment of my bill? You need not have done so. Γ do not press for payment. God forbid, in these days. Will you show me what you have brought?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

The doctor unwrapped the parcel, opened the box, and looked at the horns without saying anything for several minutes. Then he turned to the child.

"You say these are the horns of a domestic goat to which you gave the name Ivory, and that the horns are therefore of ivory?"

"God gave the goat ivory horns because

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of gentleness in his voice, in spite of the hurry and overwork and the pain that made him so harsh. Of course, he had diagnosed the girl's ailment in a moment as simple terror, and noted the wet clothes and the pinched face that it hurt him to see, for all that it was so common in the years of the famine. And the hurt made him the more forbidding still. But Sheila could not speak, and he perceived that at once, too. So he put his hand out, took hers in it, marched her the length of the room to the door through which he had come, and led her through.

"Sit here and be warmed," he said, putting her in a great leather armchair that swallowed her up, with a fire before her, and all in a strange, snug world of books and the smell of ink. He poured a little wine out of a decanter, added steaming water to it from the kettle that simmered on the hob, gave it to the girl and left her without a word.

Sheila could hear him stamping around the surgery, the murmur of voices

she was named for a title of Our Lady, sir."

"That is what your priest told you, no doubt?"

"No, sir oh no. My mother told me."

"No, sir, oh, no. My mother told me."
"She sent you to me with them?"

The little girl confessed with downcast eyes that she had slipped away secretly.

Again the doctor was silent, contemplating Sheila. Then he got up, went to the big secretary desk and wrote out something on a paper which he carried to the child. It was a receipt for ten guineas, paid, and when Sheila saw it tears of happiness welled up in her eyes that were hardly dry from the tears of fright. But the doctor was pacing the room.

"I cannot condone," he said, "this popish imagining of miraculous intervention in human affairs. I do not wish to keep the horns, whatever the substance of which they may be composed. I appreciate that your father is concerned about his debt to me, and your own—er—sacrifice in wishing me to have the—er—ivory

horns that you value so highly, and which vou believe to be of-er-supernatural origin. You must take them away. I do not want them."

Of all this, Sheila understood only the last two sentences, and these filled her with consternation. "Oh, sir," she begged, 'you must keep them, indeed you must, and guard them all your life. Sure, Our Lady's blessings are with them, sir.'

'Blessings?" said the old man, absently, The pain was with him again, whose dread nature he knew all too well.

"Oh, yes, sir! The grace that she will intercede for you with her Divine Son. and the grace of a happy death."

"Happy death?" Sir Bernard Ogilvie was thinking now of all the sorrows of which an old man becomes possessed, and he sat with his face averted. Then, suddenly, he recollected Sheila and spoke "What is this you prate to me? Your Roman catechism, I suppose?" And he rose, the horns in his hand, and put his hand on the door to open it and put the child out. But some thought, or perhaps the child's face in the firelight, arrested him.

"Where do you spend tonight?" he asked her, the gentleness back in his

"At the Horned Steer, sir, off the market place," she answered him, hardly above a whisper in her misery.

Sir Bernard Ogilvie pulled a bell rope. "My gig will carry you there," he said. He touched her shiny hair. "Ah, little sweet one, I will keep the horns. And maybe your-er-Our Lady will give me the blessings after all." He pressed a half crown into her hand, led her to the door where the manservant was waiting, very amiable under these circumstances, consigned her to him with a word of instruction, and turned back into the study.

So it was Christmas again and Sheila was home, and the father and mother prayed, when the children were in bed and all the other prayers had been said, for Sir Bernard Ogilvie, grateful in their hearts, not for the receipted bill, which represented a debt they considered yet to be paid, but that the child had not been hurt. Theirs were old simple prayers, seriously dignified, asking not that he be happy or long lived, but that he might be found worthy of the promises of Christ.

And Sheila grieved quietly and privately for the little horns, which is right and proper, for there is no sacrifice without grief. But she was happy that the kind and wonderful old man had them in his keeping. Then, in the summer, there came a parcel addressed to Michael O'Connor. Esquire, the name so written because the father's bit of land was his own, and O'Connors are the sons of the old kings of Ireland. In the parcel was a letter, and

Dear Mr. O'Connor, it said, I am sending you herewith a certain pair of goat's horns which your daughter brought to me last December and gave me in payment of my bill-for Mrs. O'Connor's treatment, that bill being a matter settled and not the occasion of this letter.

Your daughter believed that these horns were made of ivory and were of miraculous origin. I accepted them with no thought that this was the truth, but because I chose to do so.

However, I happened, some months ago, to show the horns casually to

ago, to show the horns casually to Mr. Vere-Hopkinson, the African explorer, and to my astonishment he gave it as his opinion, after minute examination, that the horns were in-

deed of a very rare and costly ivory He remains extremely puzzled by them, and I am mystified.

Because their value must be far in excess of the fee for which they were tendered in payment, I return them to your daughter's hands, to whom I beg you will give my compliments and explain the reason for this restoration. Inform her also, please, that I have obeyed her injunction to with-

In a few days.

I trust Mrs. O'Connor continues well, and I remain, sir.

Your obedient servant, Bernard Ogilvie.

WHITE SNOWFLAKE ON TURQUOISE

When the letter had been read, the family looked at each other incredulously. but Sheila was weeping bitterly. And the next week it was in the newspaper, the great surgeon's obituary, with all the honors and achievements of his lifetime printed. But Sheila only shook her head sadly. "He told me in the letter," she said.

It is a story for Christmas in our family, because, as I said, you would never believe a goat had ivory horns at any other time, although it's true, as I have shown. I do not know who has the horns

now. They say my great-grandfather Jamieson gave them to one of his sons. But I do not know which one, or where he went to. Maybe the letter is with them. It doesn't matter. I know it word for word, so many times my mother told me about it when I was a child. And there. on the chesterfield, is my own daughter, another Sheila, telling it to her children. And they forget the tree and the toys for a while, she tells it so solemnly. eyes twinkling . . . the way my mother's

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HOW THE QUEEN WILL SPEND THIS CHRISTMAS Continued from page 19

recall the Christmas that Prince Philip nearly scared them all out of their wits. He had come up a few days ahead for the hunting and staved out too long the day the Queen and children were due to arrive. With scant minutes to change his clothes, he drove from Sandringham in his jeeplike Land Rover to find the station gates closed against him and the royal train already signaled. But Philip is not a man to stand on his dignity. Instead of ordering the gates reopened, he swung the Land Rover into the yard on the other side of the track, jumped out, took a quick look each way and sprinted across the rails barely beating the train. Hatless, a trifle breathless, but smiling broadly, he took his place on the station platform just as his wife and children stepped down from the coach.

This Christmas as usual, station master Ed Skillings will have set up the royal children's own special welcome—a giant Christmas cracker over the waiting-room door and below on either side two small trees ablaze with lights and gay balloons.

When he was younger, Charles could hardly endure the formal welcoming for the sight of those balloons. "May I have a balloon, please?" he would burst out as soon as the handshakes were through and off he would run bouncing it in the air to the waiting cars. Not to be outdone, Anne asked for two, dashing after him with one clutched in each hand.

But last year, at the ripe old age of seven, Charles for the first time did not ask for his balloon and, of course, neither did Anne who copies big brother in most things.

At Sandringham, everyone does pretty much as he pleases. The Queen likes to walk through the fields and woods in sturdy boots with a kerchief to protect her hair from the wind. Most of the men spend their days hunting. This year Prince William of Gloucester, fifteen, will go with them. He had his first lesson in handling a gun on his last visit to Sandringham.

Princess Margaret likes to get in some riding and has a couple of her ponies sent up from Windsor. She will skate too if the ice on the one-and-a-half-acre lake back of the house freezes hard enough. When her father was alive, one of his favorite pastimes was a wildly improvised hockey game, with a stone for the puck and branches from trees as hockey sticks. On Christmas Eve the young Kents, more than likely, will drive over to the nearby market town of King's Lynn to do some last-minute shopping and mingle unnoticed with the crowds.

If it snows the children will make themselves long glassy slides on the grassy slopes. If not, Prince Charles and Prince Richard will go cycling together on their two-wheelers or invade the estate fire station to clamber aboard the engine for an exciting game of fireman. This is a game Anne loves to join, sitting up beside the boys and clanging away on the alarm bell as Charles "drives" furiously to the make-believe blaze.

Inside Sandringham the main rooms are gay with holly, mistletoe and paper trimmings. There are flowers too from the hothouses flanking the kitchen garden. Jim Brown's pine has a place of honor in the long cream-and-gold ballroom where the house electrician rigs it with scores of colored lights.

Last Christmas Jim had to cut an extra tree. Dockers' children at King's Lynn had been promised a giant fir from Sweden but the ship carrying it was diverted to another port. For a time it seemed the youngsters would go without their tree. But the Queen heard of it, and a phone call from Buckingham Palace to Sandringham sent a tree from the seventeen-thousand-acre royal estate in its place.

The actual Christmas decorations at Sandringham will wait for the Queen's arrival. She likes to supervise them herself. But plans for each Christmas are laid in November when she pays a brief visit to run over arrangements with housekeeper Jessie Robertson. Of course, Jessie and her small staff can't hope to look after so large a party. For the Queen's work goes on even over Christmas, and with her to Sandringham must go ladies-in-waiting, equerries and secretaries. About fifty servants from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle go too, with at least two truckloads of extra household items needed during the long



The Duke of Edinburgh will be far from home this Christmas, continuing his Down Under tour after opening the Olympic Games.

royal stay which normally extends into February.

Well before Christmas, Ed Parker, who runs the local grocery at Dersingham, half a mile down the road from Sandringham House, will have received the royal grocery order. The Queen buys from the local storekeepers whenever she is at Sandringham, carrying on a royal tradition. The Parker family has supplied the royal groceries each Christmas since the days of Edward VII. The Playford bakehouse has supplied the bread over the same period, and this Christmas it will be the third generation of Playfords, William and John, who will do the royal baking.

On Christmas Eve Sandringham House, which stands with its blinds drawn most of the year, will be ablaze with light and gay with family laughter. That evening, or some evening close to Christmas, the Toc H Choir from Dersingham will call on their carol-singing rounds. Standing outside the main door, the yellow light of a hurricane lamp gleaming on their music sheets, they will sing the time-honored carols of the English countryside to the lilt of two fiddles.

Last Christmas, Prince Philip himself came to the door in evening dress.

"Won't you come in?" he invited. In the handsome, well-lighted drawing room the rest of the royal family was gathered round a crackling fire. For a half hour the choir sang carol after carol—Holy Night at the special request of Prince Charles—while the Queen and her family joined in.

"I think it's nice the way you keep up these old Christmas customs," said the Queen Mother as the singing ended. Coffee and sandwiches were passed and Philip made sure to stuff a handful of crisp pound notes into the choir's collection boxes for the Empire Leprosy and Cancer Research funds.

This wasn't the first time the carolers sang inside Sandringham. The Queen Mother invited them in in 1953, when the Queen was away on her Australian tour. Then, young Charles badly wanted to try out one of the fiddles. No sooner had they been put down on one of the drawing-room chairs than he moved to pick it up.

"Now leave that alone, Charles," said his grandmother. But like all grannies, she soon gives in, and a few minutes later she was helping him tuck the fiddle under his chin while he scraped the bow across the strings.

The last thing on Christmas Eve, the family will set out their gifts to each other on cloth-covered trestle tables around the tree in the ballroom. Each member has his or her own table.

Charles and Anne, of course, still believe in Father Christmas — though Charles is beginning to have his doubts —and some of their presents are left in the nursery in the traditional way. Not up Christmas morning. The year Charles got a new pedal-push car he was racing it up and down the long corridors before the charwomen were through with their early-morning cleaning. Last year his gifts included a toy helicopter, an electric speedway racing game, conjuring tricks and toy soldiers in the uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery.

The Queen likes to do as much of her personal Christmas shopping as possible. In the last weeks before Christmas managers of certain London stores have learned to keep a wary eye on the entrance doors where she is likely to arrive without warning.

She spends much of her time in the toy department, trying out the toys Charles and Anne will find in their nursery on Christmas morning. "This is fun," she exclaimed one year, pointing a seventy-cent space gun at the ceiling and triggering a shower of colored sparks.

Altogether she buys about two hundred presents, ranging from books to comic noses, from dolls to Dan Dare outfits, from scarves and handkerchiefs to caviar and ginger. Besides personal gifts for relatives and close friends, there are gifts for the household staff. These are bought for her by Mrs. Ferguson, the Buckingham Palace housekeeper, and include tea sets, handbags, eiderdowns, nylons and cigarette cases.

Last year Princess Anne met Father Christmas for the first time—in a London department store. She took his hand shyly and asked for "a new doll, please." Prince Charles was a lot less shy on his visit the previous year. Said Charles, suspiciously, "Does your sleigh really fly? If it does, how does it do it?"

Charles and Anne have their own pre-Christmas party at Buckingham Palace a few days before they leave for Sandringham. Last year forty of their young friends came to tea and to be beguiled by a conjuror, ventriloquist and a harmonica player.

Before Christmas, too, there are staff dances at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor Castle which the royal family attend. They dance with everyone, each other, footmen, pages and maids. This year Prince Philip, who can always be relied on to make things go with a swing, will no doubt be missed. Last year, as soon as the band struck up, he whisked the Queen off in a quick-step, then did an energetic samba with Princess Margaret and an old-time valeta with one of the maids.

"Why don't you dance more, like I do?" he called to members of the Windsor staff who just stood watching as the music played. Last year, at the height of the party, the Queen did the palais glide with such enthusiasm that she had to make a hurried grab for her tiara to prevent its falling off.

Before the Queen leaves for Sandringham the royal Christmas cards will be sent out. About four hundred go to personal friends, heads of state, ambassadors and political leaders. For the last four years the cards have carried a family photograph. In 1952 it was a Balmoral Castle scene with Philip in a kilt. In 1953 it was a coronation group. The 1954 card showed the royal family on the balcony at Buckingham Palace, while last year's card showed them again at Balmoral.

Last year Prince Charles sent out his own cards too—childish, hand-painted scenes of Christmas trees, balloons and animals. His mother and father got one each. So did his two grannies, the Queen Mother and Princess Andrew of Greece, and Princess Margaret.

At Sandringham all the royal family will be up early on Christmas morning. Before breakfast the adults make their way across the park for eight-o'clock Holy Communion in the tiny stone church of St. Mary Magdalene. After breakfast they will return for the Christmas morning service. It was at Sandringham that Charles, then much younger, had his first experience of churchgoing. "Is that me?" he piped up when the rector asked a blessing for "our Duke of Cornwall."

Traditionally, there is no sermon. The four hymns are selected personally by the Queen and there is always a great crowd in Sandringham Park — more than five thousand last year — to join in the hymns as the voices of those inside come out over the amplifiers. Afterward they will wait to wish the Queen a Merry Christmas as she walks back to Sandringham House.

After church there is lunch at the long oak table in the paneled and tapestried dining room. Customarily, the rector and Captain William Fellowes, who runs the estate for the Queen, are invited with their wives.

While the royal party lunches leisurely, the ground-floor study overlooking the garden is a hive of activity as engineers check final arrangements for the Queen's broadcast to Commonwealth and Empire. She will sit at her own desk, speaking into two microphones stationed to pick up her words whichever way she turns her head.

Last year the BBC wanted to telecast the royal speech too. But the Queen would not agree. She felt she would be less natural, less at ease, under the glaring lights and confronted by the all-seeing, unwinking eye of the TV camera. It would be unfair to the people of the Commonwealth, she pointed out, if her broadcast sounded stilted and forced because she was worried by a camera which would show her only on screens in Britain.

As things are she will sit speaking quietly on her own, the engineers at a control panel in the next room. The rest of the royal family will listen round the radio in the drawing room. Her broadcast over, the Queen will go to the ballroom to hand her personal staff their gifts. For the two hundred and fifty estate workers, two-pound plum puddings will be sent round a few days before.

The rest of Christmas Day is a happy, informal family affair. The youngsters play with their new toys and the grown-ups chat round the log fire. If the weather is fine the children will go out, particularly if Charles has a new bicycle to try or Anne a new doll to take for a walk.

Princess Margaret is not above getting down on her hands and knees to join in their games. Even the Queen Mother has been seen scrambling about the floor. For at Christmas, at Sandringham, pomp and ceremony can be forgotten. For a few hours the royal family are just ordinary people enjoying Christmas in an ordinary, old-fashioned way.

During the afternoon there is a small tea party for the children—with crackers to pull, paper hats, jellies and iced cakes. If their new toys should pall there is always the children's hour on television in the drawing room or cartoons on the movie screen in the ballroom.

In the evening, with the younger children tucked away in bed, the teen-agers and grownups settle down to Christmas dinner. The menu consists of soup (usually turtle soup), followed by turkey served with roast potatoes and Brussels sprouts. It takes two turkeys to go round all the family and these are usually the gift of one of the tenant farmers. On the sideboard, if anyone is still hungry, is a boar's head, glazed and stuffed, apple in mouth, a delicacy which is a traditional royal family Christmas dish. What is left of it is served up again on Boxing Day.

There is sherry to drink before the meal, champagne with the turkey and liqueurs after the plum pudding.

This royal Christmas dinner, served by soft candlelight, is a formal occasion as far as dress is concerned—the men wear evening dress and the women billowing dinner gowns—but completely informal in its gayness and merriment. There is a great deal of laughter and good-humored talk back and forth across the table, and Princess Margaret is pretty sure to indulge in some of the mimicry she does so well.

And, as the plum pudding is carried in, someone is almost certain to start talking about the first Christmas Philip ever spent at Sandringham. It was when he was courting the girl who was destined to be queen. That Christmas, when the pudding was cut and served—each portion containing a lucky charm—it was Margaret who got the slice containing the miniature wedding ring while Elizabeth found in her portion the tiny silver thimble that traditionally denotes an old maid.



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MOLASSES MAKES DANDY



Sure kids love Barbados Molasses as a spread... and why shouldn't they when you consider that this Barbados beauty is actually sweeter than sugar and good for you too with iron, calcium and vitamin Br.

Nation Bi.

But right now, why not make up a batch of grand Barbados Molasses candies, including, of course, those all-time favorites — Molasses lollipops. Simple? I'll say, just follow this recipe . . . Then go buy more Pure Barbados Molasses . . . you'll certainly need it!

1 cup sugar 12 cup Pure Barbados Molasses 3 tablespoons butter or margarine 12 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup water
Combine all ingredients in a 2-quart saucepan. Stir
until sugar is dissolved. Cook slowly to hard-crack
stage (290°F.) or until syrup, when dropped in cold
water, forms a hard, still ball. Drop from tablespoon onto end of wooden skewers arranged on
buttered pan. Remove from pan when cold. But
be sure the label says:

"Pure Rarbados Fanny Malages." cup water

'Pure Barbados Fancy Molasses."



this Christmas MAKE A PUPPET SHOW for the children



You'll be a neighborhood hero and you'll have a wonderful time yourself making these simple glove puppets. Here's how

By J. J. KIRKWOOD

Puppet-making started at our house the day after four-year-old Patsy's big, beautiful, walking doll walked herself right off the end of the dock at our Toronto Island home. Patsy needed consoling and a new (inexpensive) toy fast. So we came up with the idea of puppets.

Glove puppets, we decided, would be easiest to make and operate-no bodies, no joints, no complicated strings. And they perform with or without a stage. We held a family conference to choose our story, Little Red Riding Hood, and went on from there.

Materials. At an artists' supply counter and a hardware counter I bought: one package of wallpaper paste, a quarter pint of white undercoat, a box of water colors, a roll of cellulose tape, four small tubes of oil colors (black, brown, crimson and blue), three sheets of white cardboard 22 by 28 inches, and a package of assorted sandpapers. Total cost was less than four dollars. Other materials we picked up around the house were: a 12-ounce jam jar, a 12-inch length of broomstick, old newspapers, an empty softdrink bottle, an empty cereal box.



Make puppet heads of papier-mâché pressed firmly onto cardboard tube.



Puppet hands are of papier-mâché; fingers formed around broom straw.

Making papier-mâché. You mold the head and hands from this. To make enough for one head put about an inch of water in the jam jar and add confetti-size scraps of newspaper until the jar is half full. The children can help here. Pound thoroughly with the broomstick until the paper is thoroughly pulped and none of the original scraps are distinguishable (about three quarters of an hour). Now add the wallpaper paste, dry, one part paste to two parts pulp. Squeeze and knead the sticky mess on a plate until it assumes a soapy texture. (Patsy, needless to say, was delighted to take over this job.) You may have to add a little water during kneading to get the right consistency for modeling.

Making the head. Cut a six-inch square of cardboard from the cereal box and roll it into a tube big enough to slip easily over your forefinger and middle finger together. Stick down overlap firmly with tape. Using the soft-drink bottle as a stand for the tube, press lumps of papier-mâché on firmly and shape a head. Sculpt facial details—mouth, ears, furrowed brow, etc.—with a paring knife. Make a ridge around the base of the neck to prevent the puppet dress from slipping off. Dry the head in a slow oven. If cracks appear during drying, fill them in with papier-mâché. Ridges can be sandpapered off later.

Making the hands. Start with a cardboard tube large enough to insert the third and little fingers together. (Onstage the puppeteer's thumb goes in one hand, the next two fingers in the head and the remaining two in the other hand.) Stick pieces of broom straw into each palm to support the fingers, and to keep them from curling up during drying. Make ridges at wrists to keep sleeves from slipping off.

When thoroughly dry and hard, sandpaper head and hands smooth. Apply white undercoat and leave for twenty-four hours.

Painting faces. For flesh tones, mix a small amount of the crimson oil paint with white undercoat, adding more crimson of lips and cheek highlights. For eyes, eyebrows, lashes, mix the blue, brown or black oils with undercoat.

Hair. Your ingenuity counts here. For our show we glued on cotton batting for grandma, yellow wool for Red Riding Hood, tufts of fur for mother, and used black paint for the woodsman.



For smock size, measure hand span.



Woods backdrop was home-painted.

Puppet smocks. Use any remnants. Cut a paper pattern first—working from the size of the puppet's neck and making the width between armpits just a little greater than the span of the puppeteer's open hand measured from the base of the little finger to the lower joint of the thumb. Put drawstrings at neck and wrists to attach head and hands. Make the smock long enough to cover your forearm and hem it. Run a loop of wire through the hem, twisting it into a projecting hook at the back. You can hang the puppet from this on a backstage towel rack when not in use.

Scenery. We did Red Riding Hood in three acts with three backdrops—the mother's house, a scene in the woods, and granny's room. Paint your backdrops in water color on the sheets of white cardboard and thumbtack them to some old lath pieces. If you have a budding young artist at home let him paint them.

The stage. In honor of our audience we set up a makeshift stage, but it's not essential. We simply placed a table across a doorway and draped it with a sheet to hide the puppeteer underneath. For the show, all you, or an older youngster, have to do is sit on the floor, waggle your fingers in the gloves and remember to talk in a different voice for each character. For the curtain, we ran a sheet on heavy cord tacked across the doorway. The backdrops were tied to strings suspended from cup hooks screwed in the ceiling.

On opening night some of the grown-ups sneered that grandma looked in the last stages of a loathsome and ravaging disease, that our heroic woodsman had the leer of a knowing Soho waiter and that the wolf was in fact a pterodactyl.

But the children? They all want a puppet show like Patsy's.



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The '57 Pontiac is on display... the biggest surprise of any year—the car that beat them all to the big-time changes in every department of motoring.

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- * Chieftain . . . new successor to an illustrious name—now longer, lower, more beautiful than ever.
- * The Super Chief Series is Pontiac's newest line-up of fashion-styled models for 1957 motoring.
- * Star Chief... most glamorous of all of Pontiac's Star Flight styled models—the ultimate in automotive luxury.

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Turboglide combines not one, not two, but three turbines into a single smoothly-flowing unit, to bring you automatic driving-ease never before possible. Enjoy Turboglide in Pathfinder, Pathfinder Deluxe and Laurentian Series.

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For 1957, Pontiac offers you a new choice in power. Seven engines—twelve horsepowers—from the economical 148 h.p. Strato-Six right up to the incredible performance of Pontiac's 283 h.p. new Power Chief Fuel Injection V8. Yes—Pontiac engines bring you new safety—new confidence—on any road.

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Here it is . . . the engine innovation that has the entire industry humming! Power Chief Fuel Injection eliminates carburetors—brings you new efficiency—new higher horsepower! This radical improvement in engine design is available with either 250 or 283 horsepower in all Pathfinder. Pathfinder Deluxe and Laurentian models.

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Pontiac's newness in exterior style is reflected in the interior, too. Standard on Laurentian and Star Chief series. "Off-the-Shoulder" styling presents a brand-new dimension in interior smartness with the svelte lines of a Paris original. You'll have to see it to believe it... you'll have to own it to appreciate it.

*Optional as extra cost

speaking of women

(and it seems that just about everyone is in this new issue of Maclean's)

Women are not a race apart



says ANNE FRANCIS

an Ottawa writer and commentator

"For the sake of argument"

but Maclean's says they are-

and has tape recorded a full discussion — all about women, what their status is today and what it will be in the future. The distinguished panelists who discussed the subject were:



Dr. Marion Hilliard
Well - known gynecologist,
obstetrician and writer



Dr. Reva GersteinPsychologist and President of
National Council of Jewish
Women



Miss Elizabeth Loosley
Co-author of Crestwood
Heights, the much-quoted
book on urban living



Dr. Ashley MontaguPrinceton anthropologist and author of the book, "The Natural Superiority of Women"



Madame Renee Vautelet
President of the Canadian Association of Consumers



Miss Ann Hamilton Director of the Underwood Typewriter Company Employment Service



Mr. Nathan Steinberg Vice-President of Steinberg's Ltd. chain of supermarkets



Mrs. L. M. Baldwin
YWCA official, housewife,
mother of two

and

JOHN CORNISH tells the story of

Olga

Mr. Cornish is winner of a Maclean's \$5,000 novel award. His rollicking book "Olga" is printed in its entirety in this issue of Maclean's. Don't miss this hilarious story.

DECEMBER 8 ISSUE - AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOVEMBER 27

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE-A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

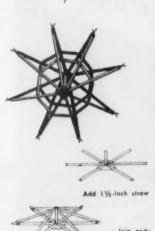


o you have lots of pretty decorptions for your Christmas tree?

There always seems room for a few more, doesn't there? Here are a few you can make — and don't forget things like paper chains that even your baby sister can make.

irst the Santa Claus head. With a darning needle make a hole in each end of an egg. I used a brownish egg because I thought that looked more like skin color. Now blow through one hole and all the inside will come out the other hole. With paints or crayons make eyes, a little round nose, a smiling mouth and pink cheeks. Do this on both sides of the egg. Glue on absorbent cotton for a beard, mustache and eyebrows. A strip of red cloth or crepe paper is pasted on for a hat and you have a happy little ornament.





or this lovely star you will need a dozen colored drinking straws. First cut a 1-inch square of fairly stiff paper and sew four straws to it: one straight up and down, one across and the other two diagonally from corner to corner. Of course you will keep the centres all together to make the points of your star even. Put the needle through the centres and thread on a piece of straw about 11/2 inches. Now sew through the centres of four more straws and sew on a button or bead or just make a knot to hold them all together. Join the ends of the straws on either side of the centre. Cut 16 pieces of straw about 1 1/2 inches long and thread them between the points of the star about halfway out from the centre.

he nice hanging-basket decoration is made by folding a 4½-inch square of paper diagonally from corner to corner and then in half again. Starting from one of the folded sides make a cut ¼ inch from the bottom; cut parallel to the bottom and almost over to the other folded side. Now start at that side and make another cut back almost to the first folded side. Keep cutting, first from one side and then from the other until you reach the point. Carefully unfold the paper and pick up two opposite corners. Gently pull out the centre to form the basket. You can see how pretty this would be if you colored one side of the paper one color and the other side another.



N ow we just have time for two word squares and then I have to go help Grace Gopher make a present for her mother:

- A 1. Where I like to skate
 - 2. What mother does with clothes
 - 3. Not any
 - 4. A joint in the leg

Answer:

Rink, iron, none, knee.



- 1. I hope there's lots this winter
 - 2. The back of the neck
 - 3. Not closed
 - 4. Departed

Answer:

Snow, nape, open, went.

Chatty #

Goodby for December, see you next year.





FROM FRANCE

comes the Lanvin gift box containing the Traveller Golden Flacon of Eau de Lanvin; and Lanvinette purse-size Golden Flacon of perfume; both in exquisite taste. Wonderful Christmas treasures; available in Arpège at \$6.00 and My Sin at \$5.25.

KITTEN SWEATERS

Any time is Kitten sweater time, especially at Christmas! All are full-fashioned, hand-finished, moth-proof, shrink-proof, fade-proof... in Kitten-soft Pettal Orlon—new super 70's fine Botany, lambswool. There are many, many lovely colours to choose from! A Kitten sweater is just the nicest gift you can think of—at all good shops everywhere.



LADY RONSON ELECTRIC SHAVER

—she'll love you for it! Beautiful and practical, the Lady Ronson leaves legs and underarms satinsmooth, (wonderful for neck trims, too). She can "defuzz" quickly, safely, joyfully. No more painful cuts, ugly scars. If you're a member of the distaff side, yourself, a gentle hint could bring you this treasure too! In pretty pastels . . . complete with a sparkling make-believe diamond. Suggested retail price—\$14.95.



RONSON NORDIC PAIR

Here's a gift that's truly elegant and useful! A table lighter with matching cigarette urn in genuine black and gold marble. This artistically designed twosome is at home in any setting—adds a distinctive touch to any decor, traditional or modern. It's by Ronson . . it's a gift that keeps on giving for years of faithful service. Price, \$24.50. Table lighter alone \$16.50 (Suggested retail).

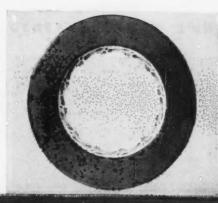


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Boys and girls are fascinated as real or storied people, places, "come-to-life" in the thrilling realism of 3-dimension. Adults delight in VIEW-MASTER'S beautiful travel reels. A gift of education and entertainment with hundreds of fascinating subjects to provide hours of pleasure.

3-D Viewer \$2.95; Light Attachment \$2.95; 21-scene picture stories \$1.50; 7 scene picture reels 50 cents. At photo, drug, department or gift stores.





HALFORD . . BY WEDGWOOD

This Christmas, surprise her with a gift of Wedgwood's Halford dinnerware! Wedgwood's exclusive new inlaid china process is used in the manufacture of this fine bone china. Colours can't vary, he marred or scratched. The Chinese Green border is banded with a platinum rim and finished with a graceful scroll. Contact your Wedgwood dealer or Josiah Wedgwood & Sons (Canada) Limited, 863 Bay Street, Toronto, or 'phone WA. 4-4681.



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Colibri, aristocrat of lighters, is the instinctive choice of those who wish to make, not merely a gift, but a gracious compliment. A host of models: each a distinguished example of a unique and simple precision design: streamlined in both elegance and operation.

Pocket and table models. Watch lighters with fine Swiss movements. In gold, silver and other fine

COLIBRI LIGHTERS for that extra special gift (from \$6,50 up)

MORPHY-RICHARDS "ALL WAYS" STEAM IRON

Good to give and to get. It floats on a gentle cushion of steam iloats on a gentle cushion of steam
—to save your linens and
clothes—to save you money and
work. Just set the dial the
Morphy-Richards automatic control takes over! Heat and steam
are regulated by the same dial.
Steam or dry, left or right, safe
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CIRO ESSCENT MIST. . . .

The perfect gift to envelope her in fragrance delights she's never before experienced! The magic button releases millions of tiny perfume droplets to ent her for hours on end. Choose from litting NEW HORIZONS, fascinating DANGER, romantic REFLEXIONS. Each odeur in a different pretty pastel botle. Each \$3.75





A TOUCH OF LUXURY -DEERSKIN GLOVES BY PARIS

From the pleasure of business, From the pleasure of business, to the business of pleasure, leather gloves by Paris are a man's most flattering companion. Handsomely cut, beautifully tailored by expert craftsmen for perfect finish in every detail, Paris Gloves are the final note of manly elegance. For a gift with the distinctive touch of luxury—give him gloves by Paris by Paris.

CAPESKIN — DEERSKIN PIGSKIN. Hand tailored in



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So heavenly to walk in . . . so worldly to ware in ... so worldly to wear ... the only quality shoe in all Canada handsewn to cradle the foot completely in one smooth unbroken piece of soft upper leather ... created by Sandler of Boston for today's new casual look in city, town or suburb.

Made in Canada by George-Morgan Shoes Limited, Toronto. At good stores everywhere, \$15.95.

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A Bluebird perfect diamond possesses a purity and brilliance that will live forever.

For the only girl in the world only a perfect diamond will do! Bluebird Diamonds are guaranteed to you, in writing, by the Bluebird Diamond Syndicate, to be perfect.



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"that silken fragrance she loves to wear". Miniature of the famous original diamond-shaped bottle containing 1/5 ounce perfume, \$3.50. Purse-size Golden Flacon containing 1 dram perfume \$3.00. Bottled, packaged and sealed in France.





GAMES OF FUN FOR

This Christmas give a gift of lasting pleasure. Give one of these entertaining games. They are appreciated by young and old alike. MONOPOLY—the world-famous real estate game.
CLUE—an intriguing, exciting

detective game. SORRY—a thrilling game of

pursuit.

N H L HOCKEY—all the thrills

of real hockey.
Put these Copp Clark Games on your Christmas list now. You'll find them at departmental and variety stores everywhere.





Yes, little darlings splash with jay in this extra large baby both that's lightweight, unbreakable, con't chip or rust and wiges clean easily. Smooth "Rolled Rims" for rigidity and ease in carrying. Four handsome colors — blue, pink, white, and yellow. Look for matching nursery pail and other Beach and yellow. Look for matching nursery pail and other Beach

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IT TELLS HIM EVERYTHING YOU HAVE IN MIND ...

CHANEL N° 5

FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS



Diabetes and Your Child

Once doomed to die, diabetic children can now live full lives. Here's what you should know. about heredity . . . insulin . . . diet

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, DIRECTOR CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

DOCTOR," said one young mother recently, "perhaps I'm worrying needlessly, but my husband is diabetic. Will our little boy, Tim, who's six, develop diabetes? If he does, can he have a normal childhood in spite of it? What special care could he get?"

Until insulin was discovered by Banting and Best in 1921 diabetic youngsters had no chance to grow up, because while the disease is rare in children, they always develop a severe form of it. Now with proper treatment, which includes insulin, they can not only grow in a normal way, but they can live a full life. Bill Tal-bert, the captain of the U.S. Davis Cup tennis team is a diabetic, and so are several other outstanding athletes.

What causes diabetes?

The common symptoms of diabetes in children are excessive thirst, increased production of urine, weakness, fatigue, and sometimes loss of weight. The second symptom may cause a youngster of five or six to start wetting the bed at night again. In a child, diabetes sometimes also causes abdominal pain and leg cramps, and it may come on so quickly that he becomes critically ill within a week of the first symptoms.

Our pancreas gland must produce sufficient insulin if we are to use properly the sugar that is normally present in our blood. Incidentally, we obtain sugar not only from sweet and starchy foods, but also to some extent from those containing proteins and fats. Diabetics do not make enough insulin for their needs and as a result sugar piles up in their blood. The kidneys get rid of as much of this sugar as they can and so there is a lot of it in the urine of a diabetic. And in order to excrete so much sugar, the kidneys have to pass out a great deal of urine. This reduces the total amount of water in the body and causes the excessive thirst. The untreated diabetic is unable to use a large percentage of the food he eats and he loses a great deal of it in his urine. Therefore it is not surprising that his appetite is sometimes large.

If the cause of his trouble is not discovered, his diabetes becomes worse and his supply of "homemade" insulin drops lower and lower. Consequently he is able to use less and less of the sugar obtained from his food. Finally he starts living for the most part on his own body stores of fat. His body is unable to burn up so much fat completely, and certain poisonous acids from the partially burned fats accumulate in his blood and he develops acidosis or even coma, both of which are very dan-

Mild diabetes in a fat, older person can sometimes be controlled by reducing his weight and then by diet alone. Apparently he is then able to make enough insulin to meet his lowered needs. All diabetic children have to be treated with insulin as most of them cannot produce any of their own insulin.

How common is diabetes?

Actually it is quite common-approximately 15 out of every 1,000 people in Canada eventually develop it. About a third of them don't know

they have it and these mild cases are often discovered in diabetic surveys. Then treatment can be started before the disease has become severe as it otherwise certainly would. Periodic checkups by your physician, provided they include a sugar test on your urine, accomplish the same purpose. Fortunately only about one tenth of diabetics develop their disease in childhood, for as we have already said, children always have a severe form of it. It becomes more common after forty especially in people overweight.

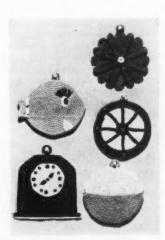
Is it inherited?

All the experts are agreed that the tendency to diabetes is passed on down a family, but as yet they are not sure of the particular hereditary mechanisms involved. No intelligent diabetic would think of marrying another diabetic, because their children could then inherit a double dose of the factor. In fact a diabetic man should not marry a woman who has any diabetes in her family or vice versa. If there is diabetes in your family tree, tell your doctor about it, so that he can check your own and your children's urine at regular intervals. None of you may develop it, but it is far better to discover it early. Of course it can occur in families that have previously been free of it, so that you need feel no guilt, if your child does develop it.

How do we treat it?

Regularity is the keynote of good diabetic care, and it is based on education and training, diet, insulin, and exercise. Your doctor will talk your child's treatment over with you and with your child, too, if he is old enough to understand. The more he knows about it and the more responsibility he can take on him-

Chatelaine Needlecraft



CROCHET A POT HOLDER

Crochet poinsettia, wagon wheel and three other pot holders for last-minute gifts. Useful too for the bazaar table. Order No. C260. Price, 25 cents for the instructions for all five shown.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark, Chatelaine Needlecraft Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto

bringing up baby





HINTS COLLECTED BY MRS. DAN GERBER, MOTHER OF 5

It pays to plan. A few reminders that will help make baby's check-up visits go more smoothly—for doctor, baby and you.

- A list of the questions you want to ask; the things you want to report; will save the doctor's time and yours.
- Dress baby simply to save stripping time. Diaper, shirt and wrapper are
- An emergency diaper is helpful in case of a mishap.
- Baby will welcome a bottle if the appointment is close to feeding time.
 A Gerber Teething Biscuit is ideal for a teether.
- A favorite toy helps to while away "waiting time."

A solid start for your hungry little citizen. When your doctor adds cereal to baby's menu (usually his first textured food) you'll find the five Gerber Cereals most helpful for introduction of variety . . . Rice, Barley, Oatmeal, Wheat and Mixed Cereal. All five are notable for mild but pleasing flavors and a creamy-

smooth consistency that feels good on baby's tongue. All are enriched with iron, calcium and B-vitamins. Precooked too, so you just add milk or formula stir and serve. For toddlers, Gerber Cereals are delicious "hot". Simply mix with hot milk or hot water. All five Gerber Cereal boxes have the handy pouring spout.

Point of interest. To keep cereal popular with your baby — rotate the five varieties. Fold in a bit of Gerber Strained Fruit as an added attraction.

Stain-less story. Stains with a protein base, such as meat, milk or egg yolk are more easily removed if clothing is soaked in cold water before sudsing in hot water.

"Light" touch. A bed-table flashlight helps take the grope and fumble out of night risings. Newest ones on the market have luminous handles which glow in the dark.

Since vitamin C cannot be stored in the body, your baby needs a daily replenish-

ing supply. Gerber Strained Orange Juice is specially prepared for babies. Only tree-ripened oranges, selected for high vitamin-C content and naturally



mild flavor, are used. And the vitamin-C content is guaranteed so baby can have juice that's uniformly rich in this important vitamin. Gerber Strained Orange Juice is pasteurized and carefully strained for easy feeding.

"Constitutional" idea. The weather is apt to be fickle these days. Before venturing out for baby's "constitutional," be sure to check weather reports to see if baby needs a warmer sweater or an extra blanket.

P.S. Remember baby should be cozily, but loosely dressed. Tight bundling restricts circulation.

feature of the month

Look for these new taste treats developed by Gerber—a variety of nutritious foods that are winning special favor with mothers and babies everywhere:

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THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR



self, the better you will get along. In addition, you would be wise to write to the Canadian Diabetic Association, 96 Bloor Street West, Toronto, to find out if there is a local branch in your community, and to obtain useful pamphlets and their bimonthly magazine. More knowledge will help you to cope with your new problem effectively, and so will talking to others who are meeting it.

Your child should learn that if he abides by the rules, he can lead a healthy, happy, relatively normal life. This of course is a hard job for him. Diabetes is a big nuisance, but not the great handicap it used to be. You don't want to spoil him by being overanxious or to be so rigid in your control that he rebels. Adolescents are especially likely to kick over the traces and break the rules. It takes intelligence, understanding and good sense to bring up a diabetic child well. Advice and support from your doctor and from dietitians and nurses are a great help.

What can he eat?

A diabetic child needs enough of all the essential foods so that he can grow and develop normally and engage in all the usual activities of his playmates. The child is usually brought into hospital at first so that his diet and insulin needs can be determined accurately. In the hospital, he and his mother can be taught about his meals, how to test his urine regularly, his insulin and the rest of his care. Many physicians have the mother weigh his food on simple spring scales for a considerable time, at least until she can judge amounts accurately.

The foods the child eats are the same as the rest of the family's except for very sweet foods which are usually excluded completely, and for starchy foods which are used in limited amounts. Of course it is easier for the child if the whole family gives up very sweet foods. The physician usually gives the mother exchange lists so that she can substitute foods to keep his meals varied and appetizing.

The meals should be eaten at regular intervals with no more than twenty minutes' variation in the time they are served. The mother also receives special diets to use when the youngster catches a cold or other infection and she is told what extra precautions she should take in testing his urine and giving additional insulin when he is sick. Some physicians allow less restricted meals, but others consider conservative diets safer.

Insulin

Insulin unfortunately is destroyed by the stomach juices and so has to be given by injection, but fairly small youngsters can learn to give themselves their "needles." The original type of insulin acted quickly but lasted only six to eight hours. The patient had to take three or four injections spaced through the twenty-four hours. Since then types with more prolonged effects have been developed. Now most diabetics in good health need only one or at most two injections a day. Often both injections are given at the same time.

When a child catches an infection, his diabetes becomes worse and usually he will need to be given extra insulin. When this happens, his urine is tested every four hours or so and his mother can regulate the amount of insulin according to her doctor's directions.

A number of years ago some German doctors discovered that several sulpha



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drugs, particularly one called BZ 55 or carbutamide, which can be taken by mouth, lowered the blood sugar. When these drugs are given to some adult diabetics, their doses of insulin can be reduced. So far these drugs have proved to be of little or no use in the treatment of diabetic children. Apparently they do not work unless the patient is able to produce some of his own insulin.

How much exercise?

Exercise lowers the amount of sugar in the blood of both normal people and diabetics because the muscles use up sugar when they work. So it is preferable for a diabetic child to take approximately the same amount of exercise every day. If he plays very vigorously one day, he might bring his blood sugar down so low that he has a reaction. Of course not eating his meal or taking too much insulin can have the same effect.

These reactions are very unpleasant but fortunately they are rarely serious. Usually he feels very hungry, apprehensive and trembly. If he takes some sugar, syrup or sweetened orange juice he comes out of it right away. If he doesn't, he may become pale, irritable, confused and even lose consciousness. Diabetics should always wear identification bracelets or carry cards stating that they are diabetics and listing their name, address, and doctor's name. With young children it isn't too difficult to regulate their daily exercise, but older children are often advised to take along a Thermos flask of sweetened orange juice to the playing field or gymnasium. Then if they feel woozy, they take some juice to avoid a reaction.

Complications of diabetes

All of us show signs of aging as we grow older and diabetics who co-operate with their physicians differ little from the normal in this respect. However, those who do not co-operate develop various signs of aging sooner. Diabetic mothers, if they are given special supervision during the prenatal period, can give birth to perfectly normal babies although their chances of losing them are somewhat higher than usual. They are also very likely to have large babies, even though most of them are prematures. The reason for this has not been discovered, but investigators are vigorously studying it. If the father and his relatives are normal, the baby will not likely be diabetic.

Diabetes cannot be cured but with modern methods of treatment it can be adequately controlled if the patient, his family, his friends, and his medical and dietetic counselors all work together.

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teen tempo

Curfew shall not ring! . . . and the big Gift Problem

BY CYNTHIA WILLIAMS

■ Try a dessert party before the big dance . . . baked Alaska or chocolate meringue pie . . . and a dancing centrepiece. Fill a big bowl with water tinted red or green. Get some moth balls and citric-acid crystals from the drugstore. Add crystals to the water and the moth balls dance!

Curfew-Who's Right?

The party's going full swing. The telephone rings. Bruce reaches for it. "Yes, mother. No. mother. All right, I'm coming." In an agony of embarrassment Bruce gets into his coat and departs at 10.30. Or the story may go like this:



Noreen's parents wait up for her to come home after a wiener roast. They see her neighborhood pals come home. No Noreen. They call. She was

leaving when they were leaving. It fear, her father climbs into his one in his pyjamas to look for his daughter who should have been home an hour ago.

Understanding and co-operation between teens and parents is needed more over curiew than almost anything else.

Bruce's mother put himsin a gristy spot with his friends. Noteen wasn't capable of matter judgment. Her parents finally one out parties for her, and when she did go out they set her a rigid curfew. Bruce finally rebelled and decided he'd come home when everyone else did.

This is the party season. Without an understanding between parents and teens the whole month can end up a series of battles.

Try to see your parents' view. They're NOT trying to spoil your fun. They're understandably concerned about you. (It's the parents who don't care who say, No curfew.) Show them you can be trusted to keep reasonable hours and they won't demand the ridiculous.

Most parents set a pretty rigid curfew when you first start dating. Time for a show and something to eat and home by 11.30. For parties it gets to be 12 or 12.30. Around seventeen or so, the expected arrival is around 1.30. Earlier for shows, a little later for a prom or New Year's dance.

By this time, if everybody understands, nothing need be said. It's a mutual agreement. If you're going to be late either you know beforehand or you call and let your parents know where you are and what you are doing.

Most girls do get home on time. Boys too. As one says, "I have to be home at a decent hour or I get into a row. Why spoil a good evening?" We agree. Don't you?

The lvy League Look is definitely in. Over the holiday, why not give your bedroom the lvy touch with café curtains in vivid stripes to match your walls. Add a box bedspread or just cover a couple of cushions in the same material. To finish, wind heavy yarn in the same shades in wide stripes around wastebasket, shades.

Two Gift Problems

Every Christmas it's the same two problems. One boy asks, "What can I give my girl? Mother says nothing too expensive or too personal."

Here are some suggestions that fit the bill perfectly. Most girls like furry animals for their rooms. Why not pick up a really mad one? If she's a skier send her a set of waxes plus your



written promise to donate your elbow grease every week to put them on. Buy her a charmfor her bracelet—one with special significance to remind her of the song you both

like or a special date. If you're a handyman, make her a plywood flapboard, covered in felt in her school colors so she can use it to read in bed—or make a musical mobile with colored glass and little bells. Or if you feel that way about her, arrange with a florist to have a rose delivered to her home every day for a week. But perfume, expensive jewelry and personal clothing are out.

For girls to give—a special diary for sports events. Or how about a really good-looking belt buckle? If you're quick with the knitting needles, knit him a pair of after-ski socks in his school colors. If he's on a school team give him a duffel bag with his initials cleverly painted on the side by you. Or, for a different gift, look for a charm for his key chain—something with special significance for both of you.

Here's the second gift problem. This girl writes: "I have four girl friends, but I also have a big family and practically no money. What can I give the girls?"

Try making quickie slippers out of two widestriped facecloths. Double the cloth in half and sew the ends. Make a hem around the top and thread an elastic to hold the slipper on. Add fluff or a bow on top. Or how about an apron? Get a remnant of material, have all the girls in your gang sign their names on it in pencil and you embroider them in a contrasting color. Turn up the hem, gather the apron onto a band and that's it. Here's another: Get a couple of small wooden salad bowls for nuts and popcorn. Paint phrases like "You've Had It" or "That's All" on the bottom, fill them with popcorn or candy and you have a really novel present she can keep for parties.

● For parties, here's a really gay holiday touch. Cover a bicycle clip with black velvet and attach little silver bells to it. Very fetching to hold your hair in place. Another idea—fasten the bells to a ribbon and tie it to your wrist. Makes a simply special conversation piece.

Clothes Line

Newest of the new fashions is the Tyrolean Look coming in big this spring—great big felt skirts, blouses with yards of embroidery or eyelet, even little yodelers' hats with the tiny feather

on the side. The really authentic skirts are the ones with a lot of work on them . . . flowers or designs appliquéd onto the skirt



1

You can use your own ingenuity (and save tons of money) by designing and sewing different patterns onto your own plain felt skirt.

Everybody knows that huge bulky sweaters are IT this year. Using heavy wool, they don't take long to knit. Why not make one (stripe the collar in your school colors) a do-it-yourself present from you to you . . . and the wool will cost you around five dollars in all.

Watch for TEEN TEMPO next month, with news and views on teen lashions, dates and etiquette. Cynthia Williams will be pleased to answer your questions or problems by mail. The best letters will appear in this column (no names will be published). Write to:

Cynthia Williams, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



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